

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 3.

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Remember this is no chromo, or trifling work of fancy, but a SUPERB STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING.
We have appropriate beautiful and endearing present to relation or friend can be made than this picture of "AMERICA'S POPULAR POET."

Reporter's Weekly Gatherings IN ARLINGTON.

—Seasonable goods, in great variety, at Robinson's.

—The Baptist church Sunday school concert is postponed to the 23d inst.

—A horse belonging to the Addison Gage Ice Co. was accidentally killed on Spy Pond this week.

—Only think of it! Fine laundered white shirts, 69 cents; extra quality collars, 10 cents, at Robinson's, Bank Block.

—The recent cold snap has given employment to large numbers of men on the ponds in this vicinity.

—Edw. E. Bacon has gone to Charleston, S. C., to superintend the work being done on the houses of the Boston Ice Co. in that city.

—Sleighting parties through our main thoroughfare have been almost numerous enough to constitute a procession, during the evenings of this week.

Many men of many minds.

Many birds of many kinds.

Many soldiers in the G. A. R.

Use No. 7, the best cigar.

Whittemore's Pharmacy.

—The special meetings at the Baptist church, begun last week, have continued through this week, owing to the large degree of interest manifested in them.

—"The Victory of Christian Faith" will be the subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's morning discourse at the Universalist church, next Sunday morning.

—The Arlington young people's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold its prayer meeting in the vestry of the Orthodox church Sunday evening, at six o'clock. Subject, "Seeking and finding." All are invited.

—The wires for the automatic railroad signal which is to do away with the objectionable "toot-toot" of the locomotive, have been run along the poles this week, and before another issue we expect that all reason for complaint at the whistling will have vanished.

—In the distribution of committee honors in the Legislature, Speaker Noyes assigned the representative from this district, Mr. Warren A. Peirce, to prominent places in the Joint Standing Committees on Water Supply and on State House. He was a very efficient member of the former committee last year.

—A comic operetta is in preparation, to be given under the auspices of the Young People's Social Club, in the Universalist church vestry, two weeks from this (Friday) evening. New scenery is being painted for the occasion and much pains is being taken to make it a very pleasing entertainment. Full particulars next week.

—For the first time since local option went into effect in Massachusetts, the city of Cambridge has voted "No" on the license question. We have it on the best of good authority that the rum sellers of that city located near the Arlington line will contribute liberally to keep our town in the license column, with the hope of being able to locate just across the border when their present license expires.

—There was a large gathering of Sunday school children in Town Hall, last Sunday afternoon, who listened attentively to what the assistant superintendent of the Congregational Sunday school had to say to them about the nature and poisonous properties of alcohol, which he illustrated with diagrams and simple experiments. The devotional service was by Dr. Mason and the children furnished the singing.

—Last Saturday night Mr. Nelson Munroe was suddenly aroused by the electric burglar alarm in his house, and, arming himself with a revolver, proceeded to ascertain the cause. On reaching the hallway, a dark bed-quilt thrown over the baluster had the appearance to his excited mind of an intruder, and a shot was fired at it. The object not retreating, calls for assistance were made upon the nearest neighbors, who responded, but, after thorough search, no trace of the burglars were found. Many houses in the vicinity have been entered quite recently.

—The annual meeting of the Cambridge Horse Railroad Co. was held on Monday. From what has been industriously circulated in our streets we had inferred that a complete revolution was at hand, and that the old management was to be unceremoniously dumped, on account of alleged irregularities. It turned out to be a sort of "tempest in a teapot" sort of affair, the complaints having no good grounds, and the old board of directors was re-elected by large majorities in a vote which was phenomenally large. What advantage the West Cam-

bridge Co. hoped to obtain in securing a change will now have to be sought in some other way. The fertile and brilliant intellect of the manager of their interests will be sure to devise some equally efficient plan. The horse railroad track will eventually be placed where it belongs,—in the middle of the street.

—The question of town officers is being quietly discussed.

—The almshouse has not contained so many inmates in twenty years as at the present time.

—The highway carts have been busy this week removing the superfluous snow.

—See the list of extra bargains I E. Robinson is offering for the next two weeks at his store in Bank Block.

—Spurr's No. 7 cigar is the best cigar for five cents in America. O. W. Whittemore, sole agent for Arlington.

—While coasting on Derby's lane, Tuesday afternoon, a lad named Chester Perkins received a bad cut on the forehead by being knocked down and struck by a double-runner. There's lots of fun in coasting, but there is always a spice of danger. The large boys ought to look out for the little ones.

—There was a quiet wedding party at the residence of Mr. Charles M. Bacon, Pleasant street, Wednesday evening, when his daughter Lillian was united in marriage with Mr. Fred S. Smith, son of Mr. S. R. Smith, of Mystic street. Messrs. Charles Coburn and Edward Hill acted as ushers. The bride was attired in a dress of white surah silk, trimmed with *Fedora* lace, and wore a bouquet of white rose buds. The bridal gifts, which were numerous, embraced sealskin furs from her father, silver service from Mr. Smith, French clock and side pieces from Mrs. Manson, full dinner set of 200 pieces from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall. Docting was the caterer.

—The old folk's concert at the A. H. S. T. Club in aid of the chapel at Arlington Heights was given in the chapel, Monday evening, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. Prof. S. P. Prentiss wielded the baton with skill and effect and conducted the strong chorus through the intricacies of the several numbers with credit alike to them and himself. Miss Alice May Estey was the leading soloist of the evening and won golden opinions from all who listened to her rendering. "Brother Turner" also made a grand hit in his "Yankee Doodle" solo, and well sustained himself in the duet with Miss Estey. The following is the full programme:—

PART 1.

Opening piece,..... By ye fiddlers.
Song of ye old folks,..... Chorus.
Silver street,..... " "
Majesty,..... " "
Solo—Lo! hear the gentle lark, (Bishop),
..... Miss Alice May Estey.
Coronation,..... Chorus.
Anthem for Easter,..... Grandeur Baldwin.
Clarinet solo,..... Chorus.
Jerusalem, my Glorious Home,..... Chorus.
Cousin Jedediah,..... Jonathan and ye singers.

PART 2.

Another tune,..... By ye fiddlers.
Strike the Cymbal,..... Sister Reed and singers.
Solo—selected,..... Miss Estey.
Rainbow,..... Chorus.
Orchestral selection.
Portland,..... Chorus.
Duet—selected, Bro. Turner and Miss Estey.
Home again,..... Chorus.
Yankee Doodle, Bro. Jonathan and Chorus.
Blessing,..... Chorus.

The orchestra was from Newton, and was assisted by Mr. Carl W. Schwamb, who presided at the piano.

—Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. Samuel A. Fowle, proprietor of Arlington Mills, was married to Mr. Sears, of Boston, at the residence of her father, on Mystic street, Wednesday evening. Rev. Dr. Mason officiating. The wedding party was confined to the families of the contracting parties and a portion of the "Falmouth Colony." The floral decorations were in excellent taste and the bridal party presented a charming appearance, the bridesmaids being Miss Julia Harding, Miss Annie Spencer, Miss Emma Morville and Miss Mabel Ellis. The groomsmen were George P. L. Hunter, F. Nathaniel Perkins and Harold Sears. The bride was quietly but tastefully dressed in a plain white-corded, silk-trimmed gown, with duchess point lace and carried a bouquet of marguerites. There were many handsome presents, including a beautiful silver service and many pieces of furniture from the bride's father, and a French clock and side pieces from the firm of the groom. Caterer Seiler, of Boston Highlands, furnished an elaborate collation. Music was furnished by the Cecelia orchestra. On their return from an extended wedding tour the newly married couple will occupy the house next to the Baptist parsonage, on Arlington avenue.

—The concert given by the music committee of St. John's Episcopal church, in Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, was one made up of first class talent and artists prominent in the musical world. It was a satisfaction to see the hall filled

in every part and that the townspeople appreciated the treat prepared for them by Prof. S. B. Whitney, under whose direction the talent was supplied. The platform was attractively decorated with a variety of handsome tropical plants, effectively placed, and the front wall was screened with an artistically draped flag, making a pleasing background. The name of Wulf Fries on the programme was a sufficient guarantee of the musical treat to be enjoyed and those of the audience who appreciate fine music were furnished a rare pleasure. The opening selection was a trio by Madame Strong, Messrs. Fries and Marble and their rendering was delightful, each of the artists being in perfect tone and in sympathy with each other. In his first solo part Mr. Fries gave exquisite renderings of familiar airs with variations on the cello, and responded to a unanimous encore with an original selection. Miss Blake, the vocal soloist, displayed a rich and strong voice with which she rendered her solo parts with much taste, and succeeded in winning an encore for the dedicated merit shown in her singing. Madame Strong, as well as Mr. Fries, is too well known to call for any special comment but her accompaniments and solo parts were rendered with the skill of the true artist, the noticeable features of her playing being her exquisite and expressive touch. Mr. Marble in his less conspicuous role gave much satisfaction by his painstaking playing. A solo by one of the choir boys of the church of the Advent, Master Staples, received a hearty encore. The following is the programme in full:—

1. Allegro from trio in C major, Whitney
2. Rose Song (from King Rene's daughter), Smart
3. Solo for cello, variations of Russian and Scotch airs, Mr. Wulf Fries, Franchomme
4. Piano solo, Madame Deldrich Strong.
5. Song, selected, Master Hartwell Staples.
6. Duo for violin and cello, Messrs. Marble and Fries.
8. Song, Proclamations, Miss Blake, Norris
9. Violin obligato, Mr. Marble.
10. Piano solo, Madame Deldrich Strong.
11. Scherzo for violin, piano and cello, Madame Strong, Messrs. Marble and Fries.

—The elegant floral decorations at the wedding on Mystic street were under the direction of Mr. Lemme, the florist.

—Last evening the officers of Post 36 and Relief Corps No. 43 were installed, the ceremony being to a certain extent public, and at the conclusion of the exercises both organizations and visitors participated in a generous collation provided mainly by the ladies. The list of officers in detail has already been given in these columns.

East Lexington Items.

Mr. Wilson and mother have moved into one of Mrs. Stone's houses.

Last Tuesday evening was just the night for an enjoyable evening party, so our ladies worked with a hearty zeal during the day in making preparations for their coffee party. The full moon and the stars never shone brighter, and the good sleighing attracted a large number to the festivities at the Village Hall. Barnes' music is always good and the bracing air gave an added zest to the dancers and the supper was pronounced excellent, so that the party proved a success in every respect. There were many present from other towns, for these parties are becoming quite popular.

We have been requested to ask (as some of the papers stated last week) if Lexington has a chief of police? We certainly have in each village an efficient police officer.

There was a very pleasant progressive euchre party, last Friday evening, at Mr. Franklin Alderman's. Whist seems to have taken a back seat in our village this winter.

The Willard Hotel keeps open doors for sleighing parties. There is a nice dancing hall, and the table is pronounced first-class by all its patrons.

The Band of Mercy met last Saturday afternoon. There was a good attendance and an interesting meeting, consisting of music and appropriate selections. We are often asked what the Band of Mercy amounts to, and if it is really doing any good work, or is simply merciful in name. One of our Boston papers last month had an article on prevention of cruelty to animals. It states that during a late snow storm President Angell requested the assistance of the Board of Police, and all captains of police were instructed to notify their men to enforce the laws for the protection of horses. During the month Boston agents dealt with 157 cases of cruelty, and 67 horses and other animals were mercifully killed. The American Band of Mercy, founded by the society four years ago, now has 5310 branches.

While the struggle between Miller and Morton for the New York senatorship grows more bitter and determined each day, there is yet a possibility that neither may carry off the prize, should the suggestion of Mr. Conkling's candidacy develop into a settled movement in his favor. As it now stands, the strife for the senatorship rises no higher than a scramble between a couple of rich men of small talents. The appearance in the field of Congressman Hiscock and Speaker Husted has very little effect upon the situation, the real rivalry being between the sitting Senator and his earlier rival. But neither of the four whose names are now mentioned can be accepted for a moment as possessing the qualifications of Roscoe Conkling. He has always been a man whose honesty was conceded even by his opponents, and he is to-day a stronger man than when he left the Senate in a foolish peck because of an imagined slight upon his dignity, and in the years that have elapsed since that unique demonstration he has accumulated wealth as well as reputation and experience. As the coming Senator from New York must be a Republican, it would be a gratification to see such a man chosen with the help of the Democrats in the Legislature, rather than either of the contestants for the place who have thus far held the field.—Post.

FRUIT FROM THE TROPICS.

Strange Edibles for Sale in the New York Markets Coming Into Use.

Those who follow the good, old fashioned custom and do their own marketing see a good many fruits that are not grown in this country. The banana, orange, lemon and pineapple might almost be termed naturalized, so common have they become. But there are other fruits which are so very foreign that we have no English names for them. There is the zapote, for example, which grows in Mexico, South America and the West Indies. The flavor of this fruit is sweet and pleasant. No care is required to bring it to maturity. It is as wild as the acorn, though more toothsome. Another foreign fruit is the calamansi, which grows on a tree as large as our apple tree. This is served for dessert and has a mildly tart flavor. From Peru comes the chirimoya. Larger than the apple is the mamayas. This has a rough skin and pink interior, and is coarse in flavor. In shape it resembles somewhat the pumpkin. Widely known is guava jelly, which is made from the guava fruit, which grows wild, and is much like the apple in firmness, although resembling in appearance the apricot. With most northerners it is an acquired taste, being considered at first rather too sweet. Of the grape fruit class is the fruta bomba. The outer covering of this is quite bitter and must be removed from the pulp, which is most delicious.

By the various names of agnates, avocado pear and alligator pear is known a peculiar fruit, shaped like a large pear and weighing sometimes as much as three pounds. The shell is smooth and tough. In the center is a large pit about as hard as a horse chestnut. A curious thing about the pit is the fact that it will make a brownish mark, which is indelible. This avocado pear is also called subaltern's butter. It is made into a salad in the West Indies and is a popular dish, being much affected by the soldiers. The mango, or West India peach, stands very high among tropical fruits. It has a smooth skin and is of brilliant hues, green, gold and crimson. There is at first a slight suggestion of turpentine in its flavor, but to this one soon becomes accustomed and all find it a most delightful fruit.

Of course the orange and banana come to us in the greatest perfection. They can be picked green and will ripen on the voyage, which cannot be done with the pineapple. Larger than the banana is the plantain, which it resembles. In southern countries it is much used for cooking purposes, being baked or fried like our apples, and is a staple article of food. The cassava, or bread fruit, is not often imported. From this is made cassava bread, the chief food of the poorer classes. The yuca and the yam are roots of the potato variety, much esteemed by the negroes. In their season many of these fruits may be purchased in New York, and the demand for them is increasing.

The Custom of Wearing Tall Hats.

The other night in one of the theatres a lady with a tall hat that completely obstructed the view came to a seat in front of an elderly gentleman, who courteously leaned over and addressed her escort: "If your lady does not remove her hat so that I can see the stage I shall have to leave the theatre." The other curtly replied that she would not, whereupon the complainant rose and went to the box office and demanded and received his money back, the manager agreeing with him that he could not enjoy the performance under the circumstances. It happened that the next evening the trio met in society and became acquainted, when the lady confessed that she would have removed the obstruction from her head if she could have done so. "Could have done so?" queried the gentleman. "Yes," responded the lady. "You see these tight fitting jackets and waists prevent our raising our arms. In dressing we put on the hat before the jacket or waist, as we could never get them on without the assistance of a maid." The gentleman gallantly observed that he was sorry he had spoken.

If the custom of wearing these tall hats by the ladies attending the theatres is continued there will unquestionably be trouble between the escorts and those who are debared the pleasure of witnessing the performance by the obstruction. A row nearly occurred the other night in the Bijou opera house because of a remark made by the unlucky man in the rear seat. In this instance, however, the lady considerably told her escort that if he could pull out the pin he could remove the hat, which was speedily done.—New York Times.

The question of taxing bachelors is again up in France. There are said to be nearly 500,000 in Paris alone, against 379,000 married men.

More than twenty co-operative schemes have been started by workmen's unions during the past few weeks in various parts of the country.

What is called a "seat" in the New York Stock Exchange was recently sold for \$29,000, but the man who bought it will have to stand up all day and shout for stocks at the top of his voice in order to make a profit on his investment.

The Harvard College annex for women seems to flourish. The last report shows that there were seventy-three students in attendance, against fifty-five during the previous year. Twenty-two of these were enrolled in the undergraduate classes and the remainder were special students.

Coffee, of a total value of about \$47,000,000, is brought into the United States annually, and two thirds of the total comes to Brooklyn. In the great storehouses which stretch along Furman street, Brooklyn, and surround the Atlantic Basin, all this vast quantity of coffee is stored on its first arrival.

The quilt stories of the present season start out very modestly with the announcement that a quilt containing 3,162 pieces of calico was made by Mrs. Mattie Wooten, of Viola, Tenn. No two pieces in the quilt are alike, each one having been taken from different pieces of calico. It required several years to gather material for this quilt.

A man living in Armstrong, Mo., has just died from swallowing a bean. In order to allay any apprehension which this announcement may cause it should be added that the bean was raw. It sprouted, produced inflammation, and six of the best physicians in the neighborhood could not tell what was the matter until they made their post-mortem exploration.

A citizen of Pocahontas, Ia., has invented a new fuel, which bids fair to take the place of coal in the prairie countries. He grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them. This pulp is pressed into blocks about twelve inches long and fourteen thick and dried. One block will give an hour's steady heat. This fuel can be produced for \$2 a ton, and the inventor claims that it will last twice as long as the best soft coal.

Over 5,000 Indian children are now attending schools supported by the General Government, religious societies and the State of New York. At Hampton Institute, Virginia, a number of married couples are in attendance, and six cottages have been erected for their use. About fifty Indian girls have been admitted to the public schools of Philadelphia and they mingle with the white children in attendance. Nine out of twelve prizes offered for proficiency were taken by Indian girls, the first being given to one of the Omahas.

According to a recent calculation the amount of paper annually made in the world, from all kinds of materials, is 1,800,000,000 pounds, of which half is used for printing purposes; a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for miscellaneous purposes. For government purposes, 200,000,000 pounds are used; for instruction, 180,000,000 pounds; for commerce, 240,000,000 pounds; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000 pounds; for private correspondence, 1,000,000 pounds, and for printing, 9,000,000. These 1,800,000,000 pounds are produced in 3,960 manufacturing plants, employing 90,000 men and 181,000 women.

Ohio proposes to have a State centennial all to itself in 1898. In 1788 the first settlement was made on its territory at the confluence of the Muskingum and Ohio Rivers. One of the leaders in the movement thus summarizes the object and character of the exposition: "In the new State fair grounds we propose to gather a centennial exposition of Ohio's progress in its first century, as exemplified by its pioneer life, and we will also exhibit the progress and the improvement shown in all industrial and educational pursuits. Our exhibition will be, therefore, historical, progressive, educational and illustrative of the first 100 years of growth in the West as exemplified in its oldest state, and we invite all to come and see the result of a century."

The London *Lancet* says that "cholera has again shown signs of activity, and its progress is further in the direction of eastern Europe. Several deaths from this disease are stated to have occurred in a village in the vicinity of Timova, in Bulgaria, the infection being alleged to have resulted from the importation of some clothing belonging to a man who had died of cholera in Hungary, where there have already been 906 cases and 499 deaths. The disease still lingers in certain parts of Hungary and Galicia, and if we have a recurrence of the epidemic in 1897, it is by no means improbable that it may take its start from some of the localities more recently infected in the Austro-Hungarian empire. The east of Europe is probably much less prepared to withstand its progress than was the west."

The case of a colored woman in Michigan who turned white has called attention to Abram Ireland, who lives in Westminster, about thirty miles from Baltimore. He is seventy-seven years old. Until 1860 he was a coal black negro. At that date a small white spot appeared on his cheek, and gradually extended over his face and body, until within five or six years he became a perfectly white man. The transformation was attributed by the physicians to some skin disease, but it was attended with no pain. Ireland's health has always been perfect. He is now a hale and vigorous old man, and is very proud of his white skin. Several years ago three little black spots made their appearance on his face, but they have not spread, much to Ireland's gratification.

News has reached Copenhagen that an American naval engineer, Mr. Pears, in company with another American and a Dane, has made an excursion during the summer into the interior of Greenland. They began the excursion from the Pakitoakford, sixteen miles further north than the point of departure of Professor Nordenskjold, when he penetrated eighty-four miles into the interior, and two Laplanders in his troop went 120 miles further east, not, however, confirming the Professor's theory of oases. Mr. Pears went 130 miles into the interior, not meeting with protruding mountain peaks or anything remarkable; all was one pretty even surface of ice. The journey was made for the most part on sledges, and the return voyage was made with extraordinary speed before a southeast gale. The little party were about three weeks on the ice, and were warmly welcomed back by the Greenlanders, who had feared they were lost. Mr. Pears also thoroughly examined the frozen Torsukatafod, formerly mapped out by Stenstrup and Hammer.

Gold has been sought for in many unpromising materials and generally with disappointing results, so that we are quite prepared for a curious case that has recently been tried in Paris. One M. Popp was charged with fraud to the extent of nearly half a million francs. It seems that the defendant professed to be in the possession of a secret process for extracting gold from the rocks of which millstones are made, and rocks quarried near Paris were represented as having yielded particles of gold. He succeeded in persuading a number of capitalists that his process could be profitably worked. They therefore advanced him large sums of money to work his invention, but the results proved most unsatisfactory. At last, tired of the continual calls made on their purses by M. Popp, they brought an action against him for having obtained money from them under false pretenses. It had not been proved on the trial that M. Popp had intentionally misled those who had advanced him the capital to work his pretended process for extracting the gold which, it appears, is really contained in millstones, though in less proportions than the inventor seems to have believed. M. Popp was, therefore, acquitted.

The following very original method of raising money to build a labor hall is related by a New York paper: They printed cards and gave them out among the members and their friends, and anybody else who would take them, to raise five-cent pieces on the strength of getting men to punch pinholes in the cards for five cents a hole. It was a singular idea, but it served its purpose. The card was almost as big as a sheet of note paper, and it announced, in English and in German, that money was needed for the building of a labor lyceum in which there should be a free hall for workmen's meetings, a school for workingmen's children, a library and a place for recreation and improvement. The cards also explained that any one was at liberty to see if he could put a pin through one or all of the black dots, provided he or she paid five cents for the privilege of trying the experiment. Anybody could put a pin in one almost as easily as putting a pin in the cork of a bottle, but the idea was a novel one and the purpose was excellent, so thousands were pricked with pins and returned to the association. The holes served as checks or receipts, and each man who took out a card had to bring back five cents for every hole in it.

Poverty's Mighty Host.
"There are 86,000 families in New York city in the care of charity," said Organizing Secretary Charles D. Kellogg, of the Charity Organization Society.
"Eighty-six thousand persons, you probable mean?" interrupted the *Herald* reporter.
"No, 86,000 families," continued Mr. Kellogg, "and, without four persons to the average family, that means 344,000 persons."
"You certainly do not mean to say that 344,000 persons in this city subsist on charity?"
"No, not exactly that, but there are 86,000 families who have some connection with organized charities or with the criminal authorities."
This remarkable statement, which is of course verified by the investigation of the Charity Organization Society, is a striking exemplification of the adage that one-half of the city knows nothing about the life of the other half. In these days of plenty it is hardly possible to believe that over three hundred thousand men, women and children are brought into official contact in some way with extreme poverty or crime. It is, however, a fact.—*New York Herald.*

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles in the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In Summer's thunder shower.
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.
Nothing lost—the tiniest seed
By wild birds—borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown—
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To Memory's after hour.
So with our words, or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on—but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them ripe with good.
—Nellie M. Ward.

BITTER AND SWEET.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.
It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship Albatross reached the small town of Haven. She had foundered on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as supercargo.
"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe hadn't other sons," commiserated a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and craped into the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Everybody in town, so to speak, turned out to church on that September morning to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticize the funeral sermon. The Fanshawes had been a gay, worldly crowd, and this was their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse, but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their weepers, and restrained their tears till they might flow in private. The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family filed into church, black as grief and craped could make them. There were John and his mother, Sue and Hildegarde; but who was this other on the old Squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sabbatic than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the Squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day, on the way home from church.
"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames.
"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. "Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her, and like as not there was something between them."
"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic, "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."
"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly, "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then a man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. It's odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."
"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the Squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."
The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subtract something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshawe should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever have guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect upon some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow. Louise was pretty, everybody said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and, love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as quantity of her own sympathy.
"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"it seems that Louise heard the rumor, and rushed up to Squire Fanshawe's to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight into hysterics, and confessed that they had been privately engaged. Of course the Squire adopted her into the family at once. They bought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the Squire's first wife."
"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.
"Yes; he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise, you know."
"It seems to me I shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory, not just her word for it."
"It seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time, and refuse to believe her story."
"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better be cheated to the last, than lose the blessed hope of truth," as some poet says.
It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains, without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshawes.
"When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding tour through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letter for me, Aunt Ellen? Any news?"
"News! Oh dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want

to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"
"Yes. The Albatross has been lost at sea, and the Fanshawes are just heart-broken, and Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately, and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the Squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the Squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends, and Louise—"
"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd lustre in her eyes, but she was not crying; she looked petrified.
"You might at least say you were sorry."
"Sorry? Oh yes"—absently—"I suppose so."
"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?"
"I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"
"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken, and for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it is; you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"
Betty had risen with a great cry, and was stretching out unavailing arms into space. "He is dead—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has a right to her sorrow; and I—"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshawe's carriage, she wondered if Betty were not far more miserable. Betty herself wondered why she did not die in that bitter season of despair. There seemed to be nothing to detain her here; life had come to a standstill. It was not that Aleck had died; she could have borne that, perhaps, and sorrowed bravely, and yet have lived on. That would have been grief enough, to be sure, for one heart to bear; but she would still have possessed the tender assurance of his love to compensate her. She would not have lost him utterly, she could have lived on, with the certainty of meeting him unchanged at last, just as she had existed through her tedious work-a-days, sure of his companionship in their close—the one brightness in all her sombre days, the hours that were never absent from her thoughts, the hope that had carried her through all difficulties uncomplainingly. Now there was nothing for her to live for or to die for. It seemed to her that the bloom was stripped from the world. She could not reconcile herself to her changed condition, nor adjust herself to the belief that Aleck had cared nothing for her through all the years that had been to her like heaven on earth—that he had merely been passing the time. She felt as if the solid earth had failed beneath her feet, and her life stretched out before her in dreary and barren perspective. If she could only be allowed to preserve the illusion that he loved her, wherever he might be, that would have sufficed for happiness, would have gilded all the empty years she must spend on earth without the sun of his presence. But people do not die when they have nothing to live for. Betty's aunt trusted to time to mitigate the blow; she remembered that she had herself once had a lover who deserted her; that she had cried her eyes out, and had given away all her jewelry, and believed she was done with everything; but ten years later he passed her window daily, a bald, gouty man from whom the glamour had fled. But she had forgotten that he had robbed her of the power of loving any one else, and that other lovers had sighed in vain. When Betty first went out, and began to resume her ordinary life as if nothing had happened, the Squire's family had gone abroad, and had taken Louise Turner with them to lighten the shadow of their grief; and a stone in the Squire's lot in the cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck Fanshawe had lived and died. It would have been a melancholy comfort to Betty to hang wreaths upon that great white stone that confronted her like a ghost among the shrubbery, to plant flowers such loving trifles in memory of the man who had deprived her of the poor privilege of weeping for him! She sometimes felt as if she would like to leave Haven forever; every road and stile and bit of wood reminded her of Aleck. It was here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves, and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them; on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had not cared? Why, then, had he spent his last evening ashore with her? He had left early, to be sure, saying he must pack and be off by daybreak. Had he gone from her to Louise? The bough of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on waking. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness she took it down and threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not strong enough to abandon them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other June, whose flowers were no sweeter, whose woods were no greener—June that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that, like the moon shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the sobs choked her, and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased, a voice

outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she woke, turned back, and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck, he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking about him, Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She never would think of him again—never; she would forget him, as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp, preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvellous?" she was saying, "such a shock, too, for the Squire's family, just as they were getting used to the idea of death!"

"But is it true?" asked Miss Le Breton.

Betty had shrunken into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide the tears upon her eyelids.

"True as preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up to town for a trifle of shopping, and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdle. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station's a queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't be any more surprised at the lay of Judgment."

"What a change!" cried Miss Le Breton; "and they are all in their mourning, and the estate administered upon. I wonder where Betty is?"

"Yes, seems as though they'd been to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."

"And what a happy day for Louise Turner!" sighed Miss Le Breton. "I suppose he has called to his father?"

Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty laugh. "That's the oddest part of it. He asked about all the folks, coming down in the train; he didn't know they'd gone to Europe. And he asked first of all after you, Betty—upon my word! 'And you don't want to know about Louise?' said I. 'Louise who?' said he. 'Why, Louise Turner, of course.' 'What about her? Is she married, or dead?' 'Married,' I cried; 'why, Aleck Fanshawe, are you mad, or making believe? I didn't you expect that Louise Turner would confess her engagement to you, you silly old dog, after the news of your death?' 'Confess her engagement to me?' he repeated, and he looked like a thunder-bolt. I was frightened. 'You don't mean to say you were engaged to her?' I said. 'Now she's just like one of the family—wears widow's weeds for you, and went to church on the Squire's arm when your funeral sermon was preached!' 'Engaged to her?' he cried; 'I never thought of it. I am engaged to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved any one else.' I thought I'd run over and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs. Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's Betty?"

Squire Fanshawe's family returned in season for Betty's wedding, and she took her wedding tour through the White Mountains, after all. But Louise Turner never appeared in Haven again.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Origin of the Potato.

Before the conference held in London the other day, in connection with the potato tercentenary, Mr. W. S. Mitchell read a paper stating that the potato had been introduced into England by Sir Francis Drake in 1586. He believed that Drake had originally obtained the tuber from South America, either by purchase or plunder, and had conveyed it to England at the conclusion of the voyage in which he relieved Raleigh's Virginian colony.

Mr. Clements R. Markham, C. B., F. R. S., read a paper upon "Potato Cultivation by the Incas and other Andean Nations." He said that the original home of the potato was in the Cordilleras of the Andes in South America. There it had been cultivated from time immemorial over an extent of 3,000 miles. When the Spaniards first arrived the potato was a domesticated plant in the kingdom of the Chibchas, in the province of Quito, throughout the empire of the Incas of Peru, and in Chili. This fact of its immemorial cultivation rendered it difficult to ascertain with certainty the localities where the potato was indigenous. It was most probable, on the whole, that the potato originally grew wild in suitable localities throughout the Cordilleras of Peru and Chili. The potato was unknown farther north than the highlands of Bogota in Colombia, and it was there that one of the three American civilizations had its root, namely, that called by the Spanish conquerors the Mysca nation. Its people spoke a language called Chibcha, which is now extinct. But vocabularies have been preserved, and they revealed the fact that the ancient people of Bogota cultivated the potato extensively, and had produced several varieties.

How Horses Rest.

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer recently, "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except re-umbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a re-umbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a muddy earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable and offensive to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture. If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting on his feet, he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position, the joint surfaces are forced continually to bear a weight varying from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs, which nature intended should have periods of rest each day."—*New York Mail and Express.*

GATHERING SPRUCE GUM.

HOW THE AROMATIC PRODUCT IS COLLECTED FOR MARKET.

Collected in Eastern and Canadian Forests—Boston and Chicago the Leading Consumers.

A New York dealer in spruce gum said to a *Sun* reporter: "The supply of natural gum is very large, and would be still larger if it were not that the spruce forests where it is obtained have been so thinned out by the inroads of the lumbermen that the gum gatherer cannot obtain the quantities that he could in former years. One of the principal occupations in Bennington, Vt., is the dealing in spruce gum, and Belfast, Augusta, and other places in Maine make an important item of this product in their trading."

"It is no uncommon thing to see men, women and children coming into these places laden with all they can carry of the aromatic spruce gum, and why shouldn't they? It is worth to them \$1 a pound in cash. Some men will bring in on their backs as much as 200 pounds of the material, all ready to be put in form for the mouths of those who like it. Dealers in Augusta say that the retail trade in spruce gum in that city alone foots up over \$1,000 a year. The largest spruce gum dealer in the world is in Bennington. He handles between 15,000 and 20,000 pounds a year. He employs not less than seventy-five persons to collect gum for him in the season, which is from October to June. The business cannot be carried on in the summer, as the hot weather causes the gum to run together, and form in masses that impair its appearance and cause it to deteriorate in value."

Spruce gum is obtained in the forests of Canada, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The gum gatherers go many miles into the forest, erect rude cabins, and each one remains until he has gathered one hundred pounds. He carries it home, where the women and children cleanse the gum from all its impurities, such as bark, twigs and other foreign substances, and sort it into the different grades, all of which are known even by the youngest child in the business. It is a big day's work for a woman to cleanse and sort ten pounds. While the household is cleansing his collection the gum gatherer returns to the woods and works until he has secured another batch, and getting it in is no easy or rapid work. The gatherer goes through the woods looking at the virgin spruces. When the gum that forms on the outside of the trees is once removed the tree will never again yield enough to make it worth the while of the gatherer to visit it. So he must hunt out the trees that have escaped the notice of his class during all the years the woods have been searched by him. The gum gatherer carries a stout pole, which is in sections, like a jointed fishing rod. At one end of the pole is a chisel fitted snugly to the wood. Beneath the chisel is a cup holding probably half a pint. When the gatherer discovers a mass of gum on a tree, no matter how high it may be, he runs his chisel up against it and cuts it off, when it falls into the cup. It is then placed in an oiled bag which is slung across the back of the gatherer. This arduous work continues without cessation during the months mentioned, and so slow is the accumulation of the gum by the collector, ordinarily, that he considers himself fortunate if he gathers a hundred pounds a month.

Boston chews more spruce gum than any other place in the country, and dealers say that Chicago consumes the next largest quantity. The great supply is obtained in Bennington as a centre, but the small lumbering villages of Maine send enormous quantities to market. The lusty young axman or logger of the Maine lumber camps never returns home from the woods without fetching with him a large lump of the choicest spruce gum he can collect as a gift to his sweetheart, and his coming with the offering is anxiously awaited by her, as next to him she loves the fragrant resin of the spruce. The lover who should fail to pay this homage to his fair lady would be hoisted out of the Maine lumber woods as a man unworthy the trust, to say nothing of the affection, of the gentle sex.

"They have in these isolated villages a pastime which they call the 'yanking bee,' which requires great tenacity of jaw and power of endurance to enjoy. A yanking bee is a gathering of young people who meet for the avowed purpose of yanking or chewing spruce gum. The fun of the party consists in chewing the gum in large 'gobs' as the mouth can hold, and accompanying the performance with as loud a noise as the lips can make while the chewing is going on. A large lump of prime spruce gum is the prize which the person who chews the longest and the loudest will win. After the yank is over the fiddler comes in, and daylight comes before the festivities of the bee are over."

"Spruce gum, they assert in Maine and other lumbering States, possesses great medicinal properties, and they also say there is nothing like it for indigestion and disordered stomach. That is a mere matter of opinion, and it is rather doubtful. Lumbermen say that in ten years there will be no more spruce gum gathered for market because there will be no more to gather. At the present time, however, you may set it down as a fact that there is still plenty of genuine, unadulterated spruce gum sold to consumers."

Men in the Moon.

The inhabitants of the moon, if there are any, behold a much larger and more luminous moon than the inhabitants of the earth do. It is thirteen times larger than ours, and, therefore, thirteen times more luminous. It hangs in the firmament of the moon without apparent change of place, but not without change of surface; for this great globe as it turns on its axis presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. In a word, in twenty-four hours this great rotundity which we mortals tread turns its pictured countenance to the moon, and grandly repays the listening or gazing lunarians by repeating to them, with the best of its ability, the story of its birth. Whether there are intelligences in the moon whose capacities enable them to read the story is a question for philosophers and astronomers to solve.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The population of France has only increased 500,000 in five years.

MEAL TIME IN MEXICO.

FAMILY GATHERINGS OF OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS.

Customs and Manners of the Table in Private and When There Are Guests.

In Mexico nobody breakfasts American fashion, but takes only a tiny cup of chocolate or coffee with a little loaf of Mexican bread, which resembles a badly "raised" breakfast biscuit, without butter or other accompaniment, immediately on arising. That is the *desayuno* or *almorcu*. Among the upper classes the real breakfast is much like an American dinner, served in various courses, accompanied by wines, and generally occurs between 11 o'clock A. M. and two in the afternoon.

The most distinguished guest is given the post of honor at the head of the table, other guests are seated at his right and left, and the host and hostess place themselves wherever it happens. When we enter there is nothing upon the table but a pile of plates, a heap of knives, forks, spoons, and a cluster of goblets—all at the foot of the table, where stands the head waiter. If this important functionary is a woman her head and shoulders are usually wrapped in her rebozo, and the ends of the national long shawl have an uncomfortable habit of flopping into the soup and thence helping to flavor the whole bill of fare. If the waiter be a man, he of course wears no coat, but frequently the omnipresent zarape (native blanket) is thrown over his shoulders, and his precious sombrero is always upon his head, partially covering his flowing locks.

This midday meal, whether we call it breakfast or dinner, is such an exceedingly ceremonious affair as to necessitate a great number of plates to each person. There is little variation in the menu, one meal being nearly the exact counterpart of all others during the year.

First, broth is served in small china teacups, each cup covered with a hot tortilla (pancake) and is set upon a plate, which also holds a heavy brass spoon. Mexicans have a peculiar fondness for fat of all kinds, a passion for that species of red-hot peppers called chili, and a settled belief that onions are as necessary to life and happiness as salt and sunshine; hence this matter—is always very greasy, very oniony, and burning with chili pepper. If there happens to be any ripe fruit in the house—notably grapes, figs, or pomegranates—it is put into the broth and eaten with it.

The other day I saw with delighted eyes some big yellow peaches being carried into the comedor and went to dinner in happy anticipation of at last having something to eat like home food. But what do you suppose they did with those peaches? Actually sliced them, every one, with the greasy, garlicky broth.

The second course is always *sopa*—either *vegemite*, rice, or macaroni—first boiled in water and then fried in oil, with much garlic and garnished with slices of green peppers. Sometimes stewed tomatoes are mixed with it, or goats' milk cheese is crumbled upon it, and the greasy mixture is eaten with a spoon.

Then comes the main dish of the meal, which never varies throughout the whole course of a Mexican's natural life—the same at least once a day throughout the 365 days of every year—an olla-podrida of boiled beef, mutton, sausage, chicken, pork, veal, cabbage, onions, small green apples or pears, with various tropical roots, seed bulbs, and vegetables not known at the North—all cooked together in one pot. It is served in a promiscuous heap on a big platter, and is eaten with chili sauce, to which red-hot coals would be a mild comparsion. The amount of pepper which the smallest children here devour as easily as ours do candy inclines to the belief that the Mexican "inner man" certainly must be copper-lined and double-plated.

The nearest approach to roast meat comes in the next course—a piece of pork or young goat, stuffed with spices, herbs, chili, and chopped onions and "boiled down" in the pot till its surface is slightly browned. What we consider a roast is no more easily obtained in Mexican markets than beefsteaks. The cattle are the leanest of creatures, and when killed their flesh is cut up into lumps and strips regardless of "grain," in a way that would strike an English butcher dumb. As there are few stoves with ovens for roasting or griddons for broiling, the meat is cut with especial reference to the pot or frying pan.

The boiled dish is followed by a variety of entries, each in a separate course—such, for instance, as chili-con-carne—meat cut into bits, boiled in grease and seasoned with tomatoes and chili; large green peppers stuffed with chopped pork and onions, and fried in butter; pork hashed with onions, cheese and scrambled eggs; cheese or sour milk boiled with chili; the brains of a kid, to be scooped out of the boiled head and spread on one's tortilla, etc.

Invariably, at every meal, in all Mexican households—high and low, rich and poor—the last dish before dessert is *frjolitos*, small red beans. They are stewed soft, generally in oil, and to neglect to eat them after each meal is not only a breach of etiquette, but would be considered indubitable evidence of bad breeding. Some people pour molasses over their beans, while others prefer to mix crumbled cheese or curdled milk with them—but I think, reader mine, that you and I will take them "straight."

At intervals during the repast tortillas are served smoking hot from the griddle. These little cakes are merely boiled corn crushed into a thick paste with a little water (without salt or soda) and baked on a flat stone or griddle. They are never brought in on plates, as we have pancakes, but the servant piles them in heaps on the table cloth near the host or hostess, who distributes them around the festive board with a dexterous toss, precisely as cards are dealt out in the innocent game of "casino."

If bread is used, it is laid on the table in the loaf, and it is desired a piece be carved it to suit himself. The wines are always of good quality, either imported or made from Mexican grapes, Spanish claret being the favorite home beverage. Beer is used, though not so commonly, generally Milwaukee or St. Louis lager.

After frejoles some sort of dulce (native sweetmeat) or fruit is served—but never anything like pie, cake or pudding, those indigestible Yankee devices being entirely unknown here—and the repast is

concluded with small cups of strong, bitter, black Mexican coffee—than which there is none better in the world. Afterward, and sometimes at intervals during the meal, the gentlemen of the family and not infrequently the ladies also—settle back gracefully in their chairs and smoke a cigarette or two.

These tiny Mexican cigarettes that the ladies generally use are not at all like the strong smelling things one sees in the United States and Cuba. These are rolled up in corn husks, are not much larger than straws, and have a delicious fragrance. Nearly every Mexican lady's pocket is supplied with cigarette holder and match box of more or less elegance, and the dainty fingers of many a fair young señorita, who would scorn to touch the lightest task pertaining to household labor, are discolored at the tips like polished bronze from much cigarette rolling.

Every day at about 5 o'clock P. M. coffee or chocolate is again served, as at breakfast, with little cakes resembling sweetened biscuits, crackers and sometimes dulce. Dinner is usually at early candle-lighting, and the late supper is putken whenever it suits the family convenience. Everybody goes straight to bed from the supper table, and what with heavy food at such unreasonable hours and the eternal grease, garlic and chili, the wonder is that the nation has not died out from dyspepsia long ago.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Black hoisery remains the first choice. Earrings are held to be bad form in Paris.

There are 96,000 women on the pension rolls.

It is not the bonnet that is big, it is the trimmings.

Long Swedish gloves are still popular for evening wear.

Go-goets of plush are bordered with a fringe of silver coins.

Fur tippets, somewhat resembling the old time victorine, are finished by a muff. Lace dresses are made with three full flounces, like those worn nearly a century ago.

Muffs are larger than those of last winter, and entirely without ornamentation.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote her first poem when she was eleven years of age.

Stars of diamonds and pearls for hair ornaments and for pendants are great favorites.

Very little is heard nowadays of the English "professional beauties" in or out of society.

Eighteen dollars was the cost of a cable congratulation from Paris to a New York bride.

A novel and expensive button is in form of a palette, the colors being represented by gems.

In Paris the reticule has been revived. It is made of silk, and is sufficiently large to hold a number of articles.

A novel substitute for plumage, seen on some English bonnets, consists of wings of felt with pinked-out edges.

Lace hoods lined with silk are useful to wear over the bonnet when driving in the wind. They are also quite becoming.

A pretty fashion for bonnet ties is that of two lengths of ribbon of contrasting hues, one serving as a lining for the other.

Spangled fans are among the recent revivals. The most popular fan at present, however, is of gauze, exquisitely hand-painted.

Dakota wants women, and is getting them pretty fast. Statistics show that the birth proportion is about three girls to one boy.

Bonnets composed entirely of jet are not popular this season. Beads are still used, but more frequently as borderings, or to define shapes.

A new way of applying fur trimming on dresses is to arrange it in deep points around the foot of the skirt, and smaller points around the basque.

Pale pink veils are taking the place of the red ones so long in favor. They are more generally becoming, and are worn with bonnets of all descriptions.

Some of the newest velvet bodices have the side extended to form panels. These are very stylish when worn with skirt and draperies of striped wool.

There is a woman living in a fashionable New York hotel—one of the old families—who coaches people for society, charging five dollars an hour.

Black velvet bands for the throat are once more popular with evening costumes, and antique ornaments of every description are utilized as pendants.

An old lady, wife of a well-to-do farmer of Camden, Mich., wears the same bonnet that she did thirty-five years ago, when she first went to the State.

Girdles are very fashionable, to be worn with dressy reception toilets, and also as accessories to dainty tea gowns. They are mostly crocheted, and covered with large beads.

Gray dresses are all the rage among the ladies of Washington. The reason is said to be nothing but two pieces of bright colored blanket, fastened with innumerable little straps and buckles and having a hood attached.

Some of the new cloth costumes have panels of leopard skin, and are bordered with bands of the same. A hat and muff of the same pretty spotted fur should be worn with a costume of this description.

Felt bonnets and hats, both plain and fancy, seem to be increasing in favor. They accord perfectly with the tailor-made costumes now so much worn, and this fact doubtless accounts for their popularity.

The fancy for silver accessories for dresses is increasing—silver balls, buttons, coins, clasps and belts. The belts are from one inch to three inches in width, of fine workmanship and are fastened with richly wrought clasps.

Gail Hamilton rather vividly describes how Honolulu women walk out in the rain. Her escort usually carries her umbrella, her dress and her shoes, while she wears simply a shawl and a hat trimmed with red and white roses.

A MAN OF GREAT MUSCLE.

STORIES OF A WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN SAMSON.

A Man Without Ribs—Whipping a Bear With His Fists—A Remarkable Character.

A letter from Charleston, W. Va., to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: About sixty years or more since there lived in Nicholas County one of the strongest men the country ever produced. Daniel Holliday was a man about forty years of age when I first knew him in 1825. He was at that period one of the most noted hunters in the country; tall, about six feet in his moccasins; weight about two hundred and sixty pounds, raw-boned and muscular—a perfect type of physical manhood. One peculiar feature of Holliday was the fact that the man had no ribs. Where his ribs ought to have been there was but one solid bone. His arms, chest and limbs were a mass of muscle. I have known Holliday to tie his right hand behind his back, and with the free arm to throw two of the best athletes in the neighborhood. His feats of strength were astonishing and of daily occurrence, but perhaps the one which, from its oddity, attracted the greatest attention, was his bare handed fight with a bear.

Holliday had often laughingly said he believed he could whip a bear with his bare hands in a square pitched battle. One day, while hunting in the mountains, he shot at and wounded a large buck, which ran into the laurel brush. Holliday saw that it was desperately wounded, and followed it by the drops and clots of blood on the leaves. He had forgotten to load his rifle, and was walking along the mountain side trailing the buck, when he came to a large tree which had been uprooted by a storm, leaving a large cavity under the overhanging roots. In this hollow, which was pretty well filled with leaves, a large bear lay curled up asleep. The footstep of Holliday awoke his bearship, and he arose on his hunches and growled. When Holliday came in sight the bear arose and walked toward him growling. Just before he reached Holliday he got up on his hind feet and came at him, his little piggy eyes snapping with mischief. Holliday threw his rifle which was unloaded, to the ground, and prepared himself for a fair, square fight with nature's weapons. It must have been an interesting sight to a spectator at a safe distance—a man trying to whip a big bear with his bare hands. The bear walked up within reaching distance, when Holliday struck him on the nose, knocking his head to one side and making him snort with rage. He followed up his advantage and landed several terrible blows on the bear's sides and neck. The bear, though, like all of his species, an adept at sparring, was not quick enough to guard himself from the blows of his human antagonist or to inflict any injury with his terrible claws. In about two or three minutes Holliday had struck and kicked the bear until he had knocked the breath out of him. And he seemed anxious to quit, when Holliday landed a terrible blow in his stomach. This mode of warfare disgusted the bear, and he drew off and lay down. By this time Holliday thought it time to end the affair, and reached for his gun. Before he could load it the bear, who must have gotten his second wind, got up and came at him again in deadly earnest. This time the fight was worse than before. The bear made several attempts to strike and claw Holliday, but the latter was too quick for him and gave him a fearful blow on the ear, making him whine. Holliday followed this up by kicking him and banging him in the nose and any where he could. The blows on the nose seemed to have a decided effect, for it was not long before the bear dropped on all fours and retreated to the hollow, where he laid down, whining like a whipped child. Holliday then quickly loaded his gun and shot him dead. The animal weighed about four hundred pounds, and when skinned the flesh showed a dozen places where Holliday's huge fist had bruised it. There can be no doubt that Holliday whipped the bear, as he described, for he feared nothing living and scorned a lie. His feats of strength and courage were marvelous, and would have filled a volume had there been any one about capable of describing them.

I have seen him, when I was a young man, at work carrying rails with which to build a fence on a mountain side. Holliday would take eight or ten rails, tie them together, and carry them up the steep mountain side apparently as easily as other men would carry a single rail, and he would do it seemingly with little or no effort.

Another one of Holliday's adventures is worth telling. One day while hunting Holliday found a den of some animal in a cave in the mountain side. With his usual courage and rashness he determined to investigate it. He crawled, or slipped through a narrow passage for about thirty or forty feet, when he came to an opening. A cleft in the rocks above lighted up the place, which was a room about twenty feet square. In one corner he found two panther cubs about the size of half-grown kittens. Holliday immediately killed them by the butt of his gun. He then started to go out, knowing that the old panthers might return at any moment. Just as he got about half way out of the cave one of the old panthers leaped into the entrance. Here was a fearful state of affairs, but it did not daunt Holliday. He immediately took aim as best he could and fired. The bullet struck the panther, but did not kill it. The brute sprang at Holliday with a scream of rage and pain, and landed just in front of him, either having miscalculated the distance or having been too badly wounded. The brute had no sooner struck the ground when Holliday struck it full between the eyes with the end of his heavy gun, crushing its skull. He then drew the body to the mouth of the cave and threw it down and began loading his gun. He had got the powder in and was just fitting a bullet when the other old panther the male, sprang from the brush in front of him. Holliday succeeded in killing this one, too, after receiving one or two severe scratches from his claws. The empty rifle barrel in his hands was like a light cane in the hands of an ordinary man, and with this he struck the panther and broke its back. Holliday often said that he came as near being scared when in the fight with the two old panthers as he ever did in his life.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In 1457 the Psalter was printed in Latin. This is the first book published bearing a date.

In one of the French schools there is a natural magnet which is capable of lifting four times its own weight.

Of seventy-three important towns in Colorado, twelve are above 5,000 feet and ten above 10,000 feet above sea level.

There is a law in Switzerland which compels every newly married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The trees ordered to be planted on wedding days are the pine and weeping willow, and on natal days the birch.

The Arkansas was a monster armor-plated "ram" of the Confederate Navy. Her mission was to "drive the Yankees from New Orleans." For that purpose she went down the river, but encountering three Union gunboats, the Essex, Cayuga and Sumter, she was driven on ashore and set on fire.

In 1850 Chicago had less than 30,000 people, Philadelphia 310,000 and New York 515,000; in 1880 Chicago had 503,000, Philadelphia 847,000, and New York 1,206,000. In other words, Chicago, notwithstanding its enormous growth, had not added as many thousands as either of the older cities.

It is stated that three inches of the backbone of a colored man twenty-one years old were recently removed by surgery in a hospital at Cincinnati in order to restore to him the power of locomotion, which he had lost through a portion of his backbone having been eaten away by disease, and the patient is now able to walk a few steps, and promises to be entirely cured.

At the present time the number of deaf mutes in the world is estimated to be from 700,000 to 800,000, and of these some sixty three per cent. are said to be born deaf, the others losing their hearing by different causes. In the care and education of this vast number about 400 institutions only are provided, containing less than 27,000 inmates of both sexes and employing 2,000 teachers.

It is pointed out that the British Empire extends over a far larger territory than that which was governed by ancient Rome, the superficies of the latter being 1,500,000 square leagues. No English speaking people is under foreign rule, whilst Britain governs nearly 300,000,000 individuals belonging to all nations and speaking all the languages of the world, as, for instance, Germans, (Belgians), Spaniards (Gibraltars), Greeks, Italians, Turks (Cyprus), Arabs (Aden), Dutch (Africa), French (Mauritius), Chinese, Indians, Persians (Asia), etc.

Known by their Foreheads.

"I cannot express an opinion on the subject of palmistry or even upon phrenology," said a well-known surgeon to a reporter of the *New York Mail and Express* recently, "for I have never studied either of them, but I do know that the forehead has a language of its own. By studying it the character of the person can be determined almost to a certainty. Take a man who has a very retreating forehead, which is low and shallow, you will find him deficient in intellect. If only slightly retreating, or what appears to be retreating, from the fullness of the forms over the eyes, you will find him very susceptible, very imaginative, as well as humorous and witty. Ride on an elevated train some day and compare the foreheads of those persons you know with such of their characteristics as you may be acquainted with, and you will find that those noted as being slow and dull will have very projecting foreheads. On the other hand, among men noted for their solid understanding powers of concentration and studious habits you will find a perpendicular forehead, rather high and well rounded at the temples. Note a man whose forehead is crossed perpendicularly between the eyebrows with wrinkles of the same length. You may be sure he is an ill-tempered man. Wrinkles, however, of unusual length indicate deep thought. Sensitiveness and geniality is shown by a low, arched forehead, full at the temples, and when combined with a great fullness over the eyes denotes an improvable and idealistic nature. Persons possessing poetic, ardent and sensitive natures not infrequently have a blue vein forming a letter "y" in an open, smooth and low forehead. High, narrow, wholly uncrinkled foreheads, over which the skin is tightly drawn, show a weakness of will power, and a lack of imagination, or susceptibility, while foreheads not entirely projecting, but having knotty protuberances, give vigor of mind and harsh, oppressive activity and perseverance. I have used this philosophy of the forehead for many years in my practice, and attribute much of my success to its understanding. A patient's forehead is always visible to the physician, and by studying it for a moment he can generally get a good idea of the kind of person he has to deal with, and can act and recommend a treatment to conform to the patient's 'individuality.'"

One Fault to Find.

General Meigs is very proud of the Pension Building, writes a Washington correspondent. It is modeled after the Farnese palace. General Bragg, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, and has occasion now and then to call on Commissioner Black, has dubbed it the "Pension Brewery." "It is a cross," says the General, "between a country brewery and a car stable." General Meigs took General Sheridan through the building recently and showed him all its beauties and utilities. After they came out and stood looking up at the big barn piled one on top of the other, Meigs said: "General, what do you think of it?" "I have one fault to find with it," said little Phil.

"What's that?"

"It's fire proof."

Awkward Pauses.

Magistrate—"You are evidently a scoundrel."

Prisoner—"I am not as much of a scoundrel as you."

Magistrate (decisely)—"What's that, sir?"

Prisoner—"Seem to suppose."

Magistrate—"Well, maybe not. Hereafter don't indulge in any awkward pauses."—*Philadelphia Call.*

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

MRS. BOWSER'S ACCOUNT OF SOME FAMILY DISCUSSIONS.

Mr. B. Suddenly Develops a Fondness for Titles—Where is Zanzibar?—What Was Longfellow?

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a cigar and got his feet braced on the mantel he suddenly observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call me Judge?"

"Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper.

"Nor Colonel?"

"No!"

"While I could probably have gone to the Supreme bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued, "I did not care for the honor. I am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I didn't know but it might please you to be known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title."

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you have no care for social distinction I'm sure I haven't. If your ambition is to plank yourself in the house with that wall-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last scuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, Constable—excuse me!"

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed:

"Perhaps on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is, so stupid, you know?"

On a late occasion, as our fireside was a scene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked:

"Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why?"

"Well, it will increase their respect for you."

"But I was educated in the little red school house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be listening!" I told a friend only the other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

"What place did you say you studied at?"

"Zanzibar."

"Why, my dear, that's in Africa!"

"It is! Now that shows what you know! Zanzibar is in Germany. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to crow over you on the subject of education, but when you display such lamentable ignorance of geography I have to feel glad that my school days were not wasted."

"I say it's in Africa!"

"Mrs. Bowser!"

"And I'll prove it by the atlas!"

"If you do I'll give you \$50 in cash!" I got out the atlas, and there, over on the east coast of the Dark Continent was Zanzibar, as every school child knows.

"I'll take that fifty," I quietly remarked.

"No, you won't! Some fool of a map-maker has gone and got drunk and mixed things up, and I'm not going to pay for it. When I know that Zanzibar is in Germany I know it just as well as the atlas or anybody else."

"Did this friend of yours ask you what a d-mister you preferred?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I was posted there, too. You may think I go sloshing around with both eyes shut and my tongue hanging out. Mrs. Bowser, but that's where you are dead lame. I told him I longfellow!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"What now! You don't s'pose I said Sam Patch or Buffalo Bill, do you?"

"But Longfellow was not a painter at all, he was a poet."

He drew in his breath until his face was as red as a beet, and he jumped up and down and flourished his arms like a wind-mill, and finally got voice to roar out:

"I'll bet you nine hundred thousand million quadrillion dollars to that old back comb in your hair! Mrs. Bowser, such assumption and assurance on your part is unbearable!"

"Jane may hear you."

"Jane be hanged, and you, too! Mrs. Bowser, I demand an apology for this insult!"

"Wait till I prove that Longfellow was not an artist, but a poet."

"I'll give you a million dollars if you do it."

I got down the volume of poems by Longfellow which Mr. Bowser had given me the year before, and then I went to the encyclopedia and made a tight case on him. He was at first inclined to give in, but directly he struck the table such a blow that baby screamed out, and then shouted:

"See how it is! You are looking for Longfellow all the time, and I distinctly stated that it was Longfellow! If the printers have got drunk and left the name out am I to blame?"

"Mr. Bowser, I believe I will say I was educated abroad. I believe I will do it to please you."

"Oh! you will! Well, you needn't do anything of the kind! Folks would all know by your freckles that you sat in the sun in some country school foundry! Mrs. Bowser, you've broken up the peace of this fireside by your malicious conduct, and you needn't set up for me to-night! I may not come home before to-morrow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Race of Dwarfs.

The explorer, Ludwig Wolff, has recently returned from the Congo and was interviewed by your correspondent. He reports having met in the Sankwiron region many tribes of dwarfs generally measuring less than four feet, beardless, with short and woolly hair. They live by hunting, are wonderfully agile, good-tempered, and many thousands are dispersed over the wild region. They are known under the name of Fatousas. They mix very little with the full-grown population. This, says Wolff, confirms the ancient conjectures of Herodotus and Aristotle as to the existence of a race of pigmies in Africa. These African Lilliputians received me very hospitably, said Mr. Wolff.—*New York Herald.*

WHAT IS IT TO THEE?

"Twas a winter day, and white with new snow;

I saw a little maid past the window go, With a bright, bright hood, and a face fair to see—

But what was it to me?

For I was a boy that looked through the glass, And nodded to see the little maid pass, With the scarlet hood and fringe of fur—

And what was it to her?

'Tis winter; the white snow is new again; I stand with a woman and look through the pane;

Mayhap like the sweet hooded maid is she— But what is it to thee?

—James Vila Blake.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad sign—Endorsing a worthless note.

The poet who sings of the light and fleecy snow never shoveled off a sidewalk.—*Philadelphia Call.*

There is a man in Burlington so bow-legged that when the children are playing cars they use him for a tunnel.—*Burlington Free Press.*

An Indiana girl has been born without a mouth. She will very soon begin to realize that she has forgotten something.—*Burlington Free Press.*

We notice in a newspaper some verses headed: "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—*Somerville Journal.*

His mamma warned him, But the boy knew best; And now a pain he carries 'Neath his vest.

—Merchant Traveler.

An astronomer claims to have discovered stars lately which the most powerful telescopes are unable to reveal. We advise him to sprinkle ashes on his sidewalk.—*Life.*

"Ah, my beloved, may I hope to clasp you to-morrow to my bosom and depict to you again our future happiness in the glowing colors of phantasy?" "No, love, not to-morrow—to-morrow is washing day."—*Faigende Blaetter.*

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Who would the most contented mortal see, He need not ride the country spurred and booted.

For sure the chimney sweep is he, Since he so constantly is sooted.

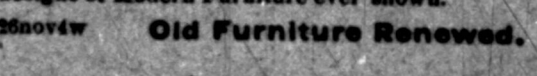
—Boston Courier.

The man who is in the habit of using profane language should be brave and strong and able at all times to defend himself and his opinions, for if ever at any time he should be obliged to eat his own words, he would doubtless find the dose extremely unpalatable.—*Boston Courier.*

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snags, as she examined a piece of curious-looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

How Idols Are Made.

A recent book on Siam contains a description of the way in which sacred images are made for the Buddhists. In making the larger idols, those varying from about one to eight feet in height and usually in a sitting posture, they first make a model of the figure in wax. Into this model they stick small nails a few inches apart and projecting slightly. Then the image is covered with a coating of fine sand mixed with clay sufficiently wet to be easily molded. The projecting nails serve to prevent the coating from falling off before it becomes hard. After it has been dried in the sun the idol is put into a furnace and burned, when the wax collects, and, running out, is collected for use another time. Melted brass is then poured over the image and evenly spread until the whole surface is covered with a thin coat of the metal. A smoothing and polishing process finishes the work, and



☞ The frontispiece of the New Year's Wide Awake, "The Pigeon Tower of Grandville," will at once attract readers to the very interesting article by the artist, Mr. Henry Bacon, entitled "The Doves of the French Revolution," a most quaint contribution to historical knowledge. A most charming feature is the long Christmas story by Sarah Orne Jewett, "The Christmas Guest," and a notable feature is the second paper of "the Longfellow literature" promised for this year—"An Old House," which describes the old Longfellow home in Portland, and is fully illustrated by drawings and photographs. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Kate Putnam Osgood and Edith M. Thomas, contribute the principal poems, while there are some delightful bits of Humorous verse by H. R. Hudson, Lucy M. Blinn, Mary C. Bell and Louise V. Boyd. The new department, "The Contributors and the Children," embraces "A New Fact about Capt. John Smith," by Miss Guiney, "The Care of the Hands," by Mrs. Shewood, "Getting Things Done," by Sarah O. Jewett, "A 'Study' in Natural History," by C. W. Conant, and "Waiting on the Boys," by Frances A. Humphrey. Only \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers.

☞ The State Committees of the two great political parties organized last Saturday, the Democrats continuing their old officers, with Gen. Collins at the head, the Republicans electing Dr. F. L. Bruden of Attleboro, to the chairmanship, but continuing Mr. Southworth as the secretary of the committee.

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Prospectus for 1887.

This illustrated monthly contains thirty-two to thirty pages each number of enjoyable and helpful literature for the young, published on the first Sunday of each week. The editor, "Pansy," will furnish a new serial to run through the year entitled MONTAGLE. The Golden Text Stories will be continued. Margaret Skidmore will contribute a serial. There will be more "Great Events" and more "Remarkable Women." Fay will continue her serial, "The Story of a Slave." Rev. C. M. Livingston will furnish stories of "Great Events, People, Discoveries, Inventions, &c." A novel feature will be a story by eleven children, "The Story of the Bible." The new Department of Church, Sabbath School and Missionary News. The present departments will continue and new ones be opened.

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ONE LITTLE CURL

I have a little curl of hair
As golden as the sunniest ray,
No treasure with it can compare,
Its beauty can not pass away.

Close to my heart I press the prize,
It may be weakness so to do,
But something melting in my eyes
Is the excuse I offer you.

This little curl of golden hair
Speaks to my heart of one who died,
A blue-eyed boy as sweet and fair
As e'er invoked a father's pride.

One summer's flowers above his bed
Have sweetly bloomed and gone to rest
Since last I held his little head
Against my sad and aching breast.

Above his sleep the snowy white
Has softly gathered like a crown,
And hidden from my eyes dim sight
The winter grass blades were and brown.

But whether with sweet roses red
Or with the winter's drapery
His little grave be garlanded,
It is a lovely spot to me.

There, when the shadows of the night
Arise and drive the day afar,
I see him with his crown of light
Look down from Heaven like a star.

I see his beautiful smile enshrined
In bright waves from the starry sea,
I hear his sweet voice in the wind
That murmurs through each blossomed tree.

You may pronounce my sorrow vain
And counsel me with kindest breath,
But do you know a father's pain
When his first-born lies cold in death.

To hear the last tones of a voice—
The sweetest music to his ear;
To feel the rarest of all joys—
The richest gladness disappear.

To see the shadows close about
The brightest ray that ever shone;
To see the coffin lid shut out
The dearest life he hath known.

This is the pain the father feels
When death has made his hearthstone
dear,
When e'er the silent form he kneels
To weep above his loved one's bier.

So surely you'll not call me weak,
Because I love this lock of hair—
This curl which hovers my first-born's cheek
Once fluttered in the summer air.

—Caleb Dunn.

BURIED ALIVE.

THE OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg one day, as the old settler sat by the kitchen stove greasing his boots with the nubbin of a tallow tip, "was you ever buried alive?"

The old settler paused in his work. He drew his hand slowly out of the boot, put the nubbin back in the saucer on the stove hearth, and sat the boot on the floor. There was at first a startled look in his eyes, but it disappeared as he pulled his spectacles down from his forehead to his nose and gazed over them at his lively grandson, who was just then blowing his breath on a window pane and marking his name there with his finger.

"Ez I look back an' gesser up my recomberances," said the Old Settler, after a reflective pause, "I can't exactly say for sartain whether I were ever buried alive or not, Peleg, fer so many things that'd be likely to set themselves fast on my mind has happened to me ez I've pres-ed for'ard, up an' down, over an' across an' through this mundane spear, th't sech a triflin' little thing ez the one you mention of wouldn't hev been likely fer to stick thar, an' o' course I've forgot it. But whether I ever were buried alive, or whether I ever wasn't buried alive, I'm willin' to state it right here ez one of the biggest facts th't ever were mannyfactured, th't I wasn't never buried d'ad, b'gosh, an' ye kin spread it from the housepots."

The Old Settler grabb'd up his boot again, and rubbed it vigorously with the grease for a moment. Peleg having exhausted the surface of the window pane with his inscriptions, hustled the cat out of the rush-bottom rocking chair and sat down. His grandfather suspended his boot greasing operation once more.

"Peleg," said he, "that's a curious question fer you to put to yer gran'pop. W'at hev ye ben seen' or hearin' tell on th't could he put it inter yer conk?"

"Well," said Peleg, "Bill Simmons says to me the other day: 'That's a wonderful chap, that granddaddy of yours,' he says. 'How many times has he been killed and wounded?' he says. I told Bill that I gesser-d you hadn't been killed and wounded many times, not all at once, anyhow; but that you had been about everything there was, except it might be buried alive. I told Bill that I gesser you hadn't been buried alive yet. 'You jest ask him if he hasn't,' Bill says, and if he don't say that of course he has, and don't tell you all about how it happened.' Bill says, 'you can come over and suck for an hour on our cider barrel with a straw.' So I gesser I'll go over to Bill's now, grandpop, and see whether the cider is worth it."

"Jis' hol on a leetle, Peleg," said the Old Settler with ominous mildness. "I've got time 'nough to give you some advice on different matters twixt now an' the time yer gran' mammy comes in, an' it'll do ye good, mobby, to have ears an' hear. Yev had the mumps on both sides hain't ye, Peleg?"

"Yes," said Peleg.

"An' the measles an' the hoopin' cough?"

"Had 'em both bad."

"An' was ye in w'en the chicken-pox visited your folks' house?"

"I was there, grandpop."

"That's good," said the Old Settler, leaning back in his chair and getting ready to talk. "That's good. Any boy o' your age ez has had all them a'ready, especially the mumps on both sides, is apt to git it inter his head th't he hain't nothin' wuss to come, an' th't he's ready to stan' anything th't th' in th' futur an' come out hunky, 'less it mow be a leetle rassel with a fam'ly o' b'ars, or the onfortunit runnin' agin a cattymount ez has ben disyn'tin' fer a week or so in gettin' his grub reglar. Consequently ez h' a boy kin p'ciate the small passel o' facts I'm 'bout to give him, fer they'll show him, b'gosh, how he kin be mistook 'bout himself."

RIDDING SHIPS OF RATS.

WORK OF THE RATCATCHER WHEN THE VESSEL IS OVERRUN.

His Steel Traps and His Ferrets Cats and Dogs—How Rats Get Aboard a Vessel.

One of the characters of the town is a little old Scandinavian ratcatcher called "Sure Pop" Isaacsen, who makes a specialty of clearing rats out of all sorts of vessels. When asked to tell something about his experience and methods of work he said:

"You would scarcely believe there could be such a difference between vessels that are otherwise first-class in the matter of harboring rats. There are yachts about this harbor that are as accessible to the wily little rodents as an old barn, and there are others that are so tight that I can afford to clear them and keep them clear for a very moderate price. The yachts that have the owner's quarters forward are the hardest to keep clear. Rats always come on board over the bow if they board the vessel when at anchor in the stream. They also leave over the bow, too. I have seldom seen a rat go overboard from a vessel's stern. They prefer to live forward when on board, particularly in a steamer. They don't like the noise of the propeller for one thing, although they soon get used to that. Still they pervade the entire ship, and water-tight bulkheads have no perceptible effect in stopping the rat when once he makes up his mind that his health demands that he should take a couple of turns or so from stern to stern by way of exercise."

"What is the first thing to be done when a vessel is to be cleared?"

"Make the bargain. It is a difficult thing to do, especially with a man who has never before owned a yacht. It is a stunner to him to learn that he has such an expense, and such a big one, too, on which he had not counted when he let the contract for the yacht. I can clear some yachts for \$25 or \$30 so that not one will be left. But the next night when she is at anchor off the pier about the city, she gets a fresh cargo of them, and no charge for stowage. So I generally take contracts by the year to keep the vessels free, and that costs money."

"When the bargain is made I go to the vessel and look it over carefully at night. Rats leave unmistakable tracks wherever they go, and I have to find their haunts. Nests will be found in the shaft tunnel, perhaps. They may go down into the hold alongside the keelson to drink the salt water. The oil used in the engine room attracts them. The scraps of food thrown about by the crew are particularly attractive. While they find their way all over the hold, there are certain places where they seem to gather to hold caucuses, or something of the kind. These examinations are made in soft slippers so as not to alarm the rats. Rats cannot see well at any time, but a lamp in a dark hold blinds them. So I learn their haunts by looking around at night and then spread steel traps there by the hundred. The places most frequented are literally covered with traps. One or two or three assistants are necessary. As soon as the traps are set the rats find their way into them in spite of our presence. The click of the closing jaws of the traps and the answering squeals of the rats are heard on all sides of us. We answer the squeals as soon as possible, for if it will not do to allow the rats to find one of their number in a trap. And yet the squealing helps us, for the rats all gather to learn what causes those appeals for help. If I have the time, say three or four nights, to do a good job, I use nothing but traps the first night. The next night I bring my ferrets and a couple of well-trained cats. I have the greater part of the rats cleared out by that time, and the ferrets run out the rest. They may suck the blood of a few, and so get lazy; but they are in a strange place, and go wandering around through the haunts of the rats, killing for the sport of it. The rats fly in terror, and the cats catch them as they scamper from one hiding place to another. If a yacht is well built we can clear the last rat in two or three nights, but as a rule there are so many nooks and corners, so many lockers and cosy little places for stowing things for the owner and his wife and his servants, that a big yacht will require even five nights."

"What does it cost to keep a yacht clear?"

"Anywhere from \$50 to \$300 a year. A Philadelphia paper says that Mr. Gould had to pay \$400 to insure his big steamer against rats for a year, and I guess it is true. His yacht is an unusually large and fine one, and it has no end of homes for rats in it."

"How about clearing merchant ships?"

"It's a bad job. The ship is over-run with them. The longshoremen are at work stowing cargo. There is no time for a thorough job and we must summon all our help and do the best we can. They will pay all the way from \$20 to \$50 for the night's work—very seldom the higher figure. We put on help according to the money received. Then it's hurrah and whoop. Traps by the hundred must be placed, and then when they are gathered up we bring on ferrets, cats and dogs, all trained to work together. We start in at the stern and work forward. The dogs yelp and the men shout; the machinery on deck rattles, and the mates and the bosses make themselves hoarse giving orders. But through it all we can hear the shrill squeals of the dying. The dead lie scattered everywhere, but the living by the hundred, sometimes by the thousand, frightened half to death by their enemies, scamper down the gangways between bundles and booted feet, or plunge headlong over the sides or through portholes into the water. It is exciting work to the novice, but a hard task for the professional."

"Don't some of your ferrets and other animals get lost in the big hold of an 8,000-ton steamer?"

"Indeed they do. Why, my trained ferrets are worth \$25 each in the market. Do you think such a prize as that could always escape among the hundreds of men about a ship?"

"But don't they actually go astray in the hold so you can't find them?"

"Never. The ferret may be lazy from eating too much rat blood, but there is one thing he and his honorable associates, puss and terrier, always count on when the job is ended, and that is a good drink of milk. The rat can drink salt water; these animals cannot. They know when my whistle blows that the milk is ready, and they flock to me in great haste unless somebody has captured one of them."

"Sailing ships seldom bother with ferrets and traps. They lay a lot of toothsome rat poison, and chu k it d'wn in the hold or about the cabin and forecastle wherever there is hope of finding a rat. Most of the dying leave the ship. Some fail to get any further than the forecastle, but then no one but the sailors has to smell the dead there, and they don't count. It only lasts a week or so anyhow."—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Bathe Wee Babies.

A physician, whose word carries authority, says that a new-born baby is extremely liable, especially in cold weather, to lose its vital heat. Hence it should not be washed in cold water, or, in fact, for the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours, in water at all. The best method is to cleanse its surface by rubbing the skin with pure, fresh lard or sweet oil. Soap, as often found in the sick room, is made of impure fats, which often have a poisonous effect, or it may have an excess of alkali, either of which conditions is injurious to the delicate cutaneous surface of the child. When soap becomes absolutely necessary to remove dirt, it should be of the best quality and used sparingly. The temperature of the water should be about that of the blood—say ninety-five degrees—and the child not too long exposed in cool weather, lest its surface be chilled and a congestion of some of the internal organs occur.

Recipes and Hints.

To remove mildew from cloth, put a teaspoonful of chloride of lime into a quart of water, strain it twice, then dip the mildewed places in this weak solution; lay in the sun; if the mildew has not disappeared when dry, repeat the operation.

The best way to clean any color of kid gloves is to pour a little benzine into a basin and wash the gloves in it, rubbing and squeezing them until clean. If much soiled they must be washed through clean benzine, and rinsed in a fresh supply. Hang up in the air to dry.

The secret of mashing potatoes is to have all the utensils used as hot as possible, and beat the mass till light instead of pressing down smooth and solid, adding cream, butter, and salt at will. A desirable result is reached by rubbing the mashed potato through a colander and leaving it just as it falls into the dish.

Broiled Spanish onions are relished by many persons. Peel the onions carefully, cut them in rather thick slices with a sharp knife, and butter them on both sides. Put the wire gridiron over the fire and broil the slices on both sides. Be careful in removing the slices not to disarrange the rings. Serve with a maitre d'hotel sauce.

To remove oil or grease spots from carpets, lay a piece of blotting paper over the spot, and set a flat iron on top, the iron just hot enough not to scorch. Change the paper as often as it becomes greasy. After the most of the oil has been extracted, apply brushing; leave it on for a day or two, then brush off, and the spot will have disappeared.

Cranberry jelly for turkey or game may be made in this way: For each pound of cranberries, after washing and scouring, allow half a pint of water and one pound of granulated sugar. Let the sugar and water boil once in a granite or porcelain-lined kettle; then add the cranberries, and, after boiling point is reached, let them boil for ten minutes. At the end of this time pour into molds wet with cold water. Stand for twenty-four hours before using.

Brown fricasse of rabbit is appetizing. Clean the rabbits, cut into joints and soak for an hour in salted water, discard head and neck. Season each piece with a little pepper and salt, sprinkle with flour and fry in butter until brown. Take the pieces of rabbit from the frying-pan and put them in a stew-pan and cover with stock, adding a finely-minced onion, a bunch of sweet herbs, one teaspoonful of walnut catsup, a pinch of ground cloves and allspice and a suspicion of cayenne pepper. Cover closely and simmer for twenty-five minutes. Put the joints on a hot dish, strain the gravy and return it to the pan. Thicken with brown flour, adding a little butter and the juice of half a lemon. Pour over the rabbit and serve.

Washington's Tripe.

Once upon a time, Cary & Co., of London, the commission merchants who turned Washington's tobacco crops into hard cash, presented to him two jars of Bristol pickled tripe. Each jar held about two gallons. There was a special pottery at Bristol for the manufacture of these jars, each of which had burnt on its front surface the curer's name, as a guarantee of the genuineness of its contents.

The brand sent to Mount Vernon was that of "Hamlin," and Washington was so fond of it that pickled tripe was a standing dish on his table.

"Dear Cary," he wrote to the senior member of the firm, "Mrs. Washington joins me in warm thanks to you for your considerate present of two large stone jars of pickled tripe. I must ask you to arrange for four similar jars, in wicker-basket casing, packed in outer casks, to be shipped for my account direct from the owners. Dental infirmity impels my caring for this necessary item in our domestic commissariat."—*Yonk's Companion*.

Sealing Wax.

Sealing wax is made somewhat in the following way: Four pounds of light colored shellac are mixed with a pound of Venice turpentine and three pounds of vermilion. The ingredients are melted and stirred well together, and when set a quantity of the mixture sufficient to make sticks is weighed and set apart. The sticks are made on a marble slab, under which is a chafing-dish to keep it properly heated. The wax is rolled on this slab with the hand until it is brought to a roll nearly the length of six sticks. The stick is then given to another workman, who rolls it upon a cold marble slab with a marble roller until it is quite cold, and then polishes it. The common sealing wax, sold at a cheap price, contains common resin instead of gumlac, and lead instead of vermilion, and common turpentine instead of Venice turpentine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Workable and valuable deposits of petroleum have been discovered along the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea. It appears to have lost its more volatile constituents, and is found at the level of the sea beneath the recent coral formation along the shore.

Cold-air machinery has been successfully used in the construction of a tunnel at Stockholm by freezing the gravel before the excavation and keeping it in that condition until the lining was in position. In this way several large buildings have been undermined.

The *Fiber and Fabric* reports the invention of a machine that sews on buttons. It is claimed that it will perform the work of four or five girls, and will do it better, because it never slights its work, but puts in just the number of stitches it is gauged for. It will sew on buttons with two or four holes equally well, and at the rate of six per minute with twelve stitches in each.

From observations in various widely-separated cities, a German meteorologist finds that the yearly mean temperature in a town is from one to two degrees higher than in the surrounding country, the difference seeming to depend less on the size of the town than on the surroundings of the observing station. Both the daily and the absolute fluctuations are smaller in towns than in the open country.

It is difficult, says a Belgian journal, to distinguish between iron and steel tools. They have the same polish and workmanship; use will commonly show the difference. To make the distinction quickly, place the tool upon a stone, and drop upon it some diluted nitric acid (four parts of water to one of acid). If the tool remains clean, it is of iron; if of steel, it will show a black spot where touched with the acid. These spots can be easily rubbed off.

Professor Henry E. Alvord, after several hundred observations, utters the following conclusions on the formation of dew, viz., that on clear nights the temperature of the air four inches above the ground is lower than four feet above by about ten or fifteen degrees, and the soil three inches below the surface is always higher than at the surface itself. The soil exhales moisture during the night, and most of the moisture seen on plants in the morning is transpired by the plants themselves. Soil moisture supplies a large portion of the dew.

A remarkable find of meteoric iron has been recently described by Dr. Gurli, of Bonn. This mass, which weighs about 112 pounds, was found in a piece of coal about to be used in a furnace. Close examination proves it to be of meteoric origin, and was plunged into the mass of coal during its formation in the tertiary geological epoch. It is essentially pure iron, with some contained carbon and nickel. There are other similar meteorites, as the famous masses of St. Catherine in Brazil and Braumau in Bohemia, but this is very much older and belongs to the tertiary epoch.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth we should see nothing but an intense and sharply-defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act upon, but if the air around us extended to a height of 700 miles the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we would be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through seven feet of the purest water.

HEALTH HINTS.

None of the minor "ills" is more troublesome than an ingrowing nail. By pouring hot tallow over the nail, the hardened flesh about it is shrunken and relief is immediate.

When any part of the skin has been froen, apply ice, snow or cold water. The vicinity of a fire and warm room should be avoided. If the part blisters treat it as you would a burn.

A drop of cold water, placed in the lobe of the ear will put a stop to hiccup, or if this does not produce the desired effect, press firmly on the arteries of the wrist, where the pulse is felt.

A growing inability to sleep in sickness is ominous of a fatal result; in apparent health it indicates the failure of the mind and madness; so, on the other hand, in disease or dementia, a very slight improvement in the sleeping should be hailed as the harbinger of restoration.

A bad breath may be cured as follows, no matter what the cause: Three hours after breakfast a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Chlorate of potash, two drachms; sweetened water, four ounces; wash the mouth occasionally with the mixture, and the breath will be as sweet as an infant's.

The magical effects of St. Jacobs Oil in removing soreness and stiffness makes it invaluable at all times. Rheumatism and Neuralgia promptly yield to it.

BLACK bear is a very shaggy pet. The chief market for the shaggy-hued skins is England, where the fur is used to make caps for the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards of her Majesty's army. From \$5 to \$10 are paid for the skins.

Dr. Gross, physician at St. Vincent's Hospital, Baltimore, Md., considers Red Star Cough Cure perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable and entirely free from opiates, poisons, and other narcotics. Other professionals also endorse it as prompt, safe and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

SUCH is the rapid growth of population in London, particularly in the east, that it is stated on good authority that 65,000 persons are now being added yearly to population already numbering 4,000,000.

Stranger than Fiction are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alternative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

It is said that Cape Cod is slowly washing and blowing away, losing some two feet every year.

Ladies! Those dull, tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's Female Remedy corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality, and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price \$1.00 a bottle, 50c.

For restoring youthful freshness and color to gray hair, use Haskins' Hair Restorer. A neglected scalp often terminates fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier*. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBride, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging down' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I ever saw a lady who 'took it.' And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it."

It is said that ex-Queen Isabella still clings to the hope that she will some day again be on the throne of Spain.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats, and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

The pay of a private in the Italian army is one soldo (or cent) per day.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information as to work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$3 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 a day. No capital needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of workingpeople have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every wise every-day lady to a deep mystery to you, reader, but send us your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

Hop Plasters are a New England production from fresh hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gum. One Hop Plaster will kill pain quicker than a better strengthener than a dozen other kinds.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Unable to Walk

There is no affection which more quickly prostrates its victims than acute rheumatism. And there is no remedy which has had greater success in raising them up and driving off rheumatism than Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the following:

"The first of last winter had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism my feet and limbs swelling out of all proportion. I was confined to the house for several weeks and was a very great sufferer, scarcely able to walk at all. After trying medical advice and various preparations, all to no purpose, I was induced to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I have taken two bottles with the best results. My pains and aches have all left me. My limbs have assumed their usual proportions, and I can truly say that I never felt better in my life than I do now. My appetite is first rate for all of which I give credit to Hood's Sarsaparilla."—FRANKLIN B. HATCH, 79 North 3d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 six for \$5.00. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENDON, New York.

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved and she is now in perfect health. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of child-birth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

Sent by mail in Pill and Lozenge form on receipt of price, \$1. Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Also in liquid form, all at Druggists.

Rheumatism and Catarrh Can be Cured.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 23, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co.: GENTLEMEN:—Nearly all winter I was confined to my room with inflammatory rheumatism. I commenced using Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, but after taking it for a time the pain became more intense, and I was alarmed and feared the remedy was making me worse, but continued its use and soon the pain left me, and I gradually improved, the soreness leaving my arms and shoulders and seeming to pass out at my toes. It has completely cured me. At the time I commenced using the remedy, I had a throat difficulty and the catarrh, which I found to be better after taking it, and it occurred to me to use it as a gargle, which I did, and to my great satisfaction I improved rapidly, and to-day am free from both rheumatism and catarrh. I consider it indispensable as a family medicine. I take one teaspoonful after breakfast, and find it a splendid tonic. I would advise you to recommend it as a gargle for throat troubles and catarrh, for I know it will cure. I have seen some remarkable cures from the use of this remedy, and it is one I can recommend to all. I am, very truly yours, E. R. McCALL.

Less than One-half the Amount Cured Him.

John C. Heron, of 46 4th street, Rochester, has been troubled for years with rheumatism in the shoulders and about the heart. He gave a physician ten dollars for an examination, and he merely informed him that he had rheumatism of the heart. He was cured by Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and for less than one-half the money paid for the examination.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy, and take no other. Price, \$1 per bottle six bottles, \$5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES

LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, when full of thrilling interest, is now being published in a new and complete edition. It is a book of 300 pages, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a book of 300 pages, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a book of 300 pages, and is a most valuable and interesting work.

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Making a Grape Arbor.

Sweet-Cured Cheese.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A correspondent states that he has had best results keeping grapes when each bunch was wrapped in a piece of paper, packed in boxes holding one bushel, and the boxes kept in a place where the temperature did not fall below thirty-five degrees.

After using the kerosene emulsion on plants, they should be syringed with water then no harm will ensue. This

Mislaid the Corpse.

Postage Stamps.

third as many—700,000,000. It is said that some little countries issue stamps solely for the revenue derived from their sale to collectors. Stofaland, a "nation" of fifty dwellings and three stores is the proud proprietor of a special stamp of its own. Liberia has the largest stamp, Zealand the smallest, Guatemala the most striking, Great Britain the cheapest and meanest, and Nicaragua the finest. *Menasha's Art Journal*.

SIGHTS AND SCENES ALONG THE
LINE OF TRADE.

But the feature of South street shipping is the large number of clipper and sailing craft of every description. The bowsprits of the big vessels extend on the street until they almost touch the houses on the other side, and the painted figure-heads on the bows look down from an elevation of a few yards above the wagons in the road. The biggest ships are chiefly English and German, with now and then a stray American. But a host of barks and brigs and three-masted schooners bear the colors of a dozen different nationalities. The captains of these vessels are experienced seamen of a kind that are becoming very rare

Ladies in the best ranks of life fence more and more as they discover its value for health and good looks, instead of leaving it entirely to actresses, who have always used the exercise for learning how to plant and move their feet intelligently. All over Europe the universities foster sword or foil play on one kind or another, and in that nation apart which we call the city of London, a club for fencing has existed these twenty years. The London Fencing Club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and having on its list many peers of the realm, is as aristocratic in its aim as the Fencers' Club of New York, of which we will have something to say presently. It is democratic. It was founded in 1844 as a club for fencing and gymnastics, with a membership of 300, and helped to its present quarters by a paternal government. It has two French and three English teachers, and from its nearest to St. James's is of practical use to the officers of the queen's household troops. On this side of the Atlantic a few large cities have always had professors of the art, but, like unhappy Hull-t of New York in 1770, seldom has one been able to make a living from lessons in fencing alone. At New Orleans the chances have been better, owing to the large Creole and French population; there, oftener than elsewhere, have duels in this century been decided by the sword. One must not forget, moreover, that the German Turn Verein of New York makes something of fencing, and that at West Point and Annapolis it is a branch of study employing a number of instructors, a study which, unfortunately, officers of the army and the navy promptly forget

Trial by Jury.

Time hurries on, the years have fled,
I'm thirty-three and more;
And here's the curious thing—Miss Jones
Is only twenty-four.
—*Boston Budget.*

CURES ALL HUMORS

From a common Blotch, or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Reverend Father," all Skin Diseases. In short, all diseases caused by bad blood and consequent by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine, Great Eating Ulcers, every best Ulcer, Ischuria, Discharge White Swellings, Gout, or Thel Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents stamps for a large treatise, illustrated colored plates, on Skin Disease, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse it by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the latest stage of the disease is reached. From its wonderful power over this terrible disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his "**Consumption Cure**," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, and purgative, blood-cleansing, and balmy, and nutritive properties, is unequalled not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE **Liver, Blood, and Lungs**

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TELEGRAPHY Learn how and why.

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THE MESSAGE OF VICTORY.

"News to the king, good news for all!"
The corn is trodden, the river runs red,
"News of the battle," the heralds call,
"We have won the field; we have taken the town,
We have beaten the rebels and crushed them down."
And the dying lie with the dead.
"Who was my bravest?" quoth the king,
The corn is trodden, the river runs red,
"Whom shall I honor for this great thing?"
"Three were best, where none was worst;
But Walter Wendolph was the first."
And the dying lie with the dead.
"What of my husband?" quoth the bride,
The corn is trodden, the river runs red,
"Comes he to-morrow, how long will he bide?"
"Put off thy trials, back thou to the black,
Walter Wendolph will never come back."
And the dying lie with the dead.
Augusta Webster.

AUCH EINE LIEBE.

Do you know what a privilege it is a small broken, jagged piece of ground that projects above the waters of the North sea, which washes the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein. Once beautiful islands lay here, inhabited by the brave, hardy Frieslanders, whose motto had been through many centuries, "Death rather than slavery," and who up to this day have submitted to no master, and at the present time the Friesland marshes are inhabited only by peasants.
Floods have nearly washed away these islands and left only small bits, upon which the sea still gradually encroaches. Often in a single night hundreds of lives were lost, and when the sun again appeared the high sea swept where happy homes had been, and over their graves the waves danced and the shark swam in pursuit of his prey. The men on the larger islands gradually built high dams and dikes, until they at last succeeded in erecting defenses that protected their lives and property. But where only two or three families lived they could not afford the labor and expense and but for the ingenuity of the people on these small hallies when the floods came, everything would be destroyed. Their houses were built in the middle of the hallig, where it is the highest. Embankments of tough clay, sometimes twenty feet in height, are constructed around them, and into this strong foundation are driven the beams and piles which support the roof. If the wild billows now break over their defenses, the husband flees with wife and children, with his sheep and his best goods and chattels, to the roof, and only in rare cases does the flood reach this safe refuge.
But seldom a year passes in which the turbulent waters do not, at least once, thunder at the house doors with heavy blows, when the whole hallig is a wild, foaming, frightful sea, rushing and roaring, with its numberless dreadful heads and cruel white fangs stretching out after its victims. Then the inhabitants fall upon their knees, praying to the Almighty to succor them, as they listen in fear and anguish to the howling of the storm, to the rush of the waves, to every blow that death strikes against their closed shutters. Such fearful days and nights come only in spring, when winter departs in wrath because his reign is over, and in autumn, when the heavy storms rage. In summer the hallig presents a peaceful, quiet scene, and is covered with a long, reed-like grass. Swarms of sea gulls are hovering over it, of which many thousands are hatching; and with their eggs furnish delicious food to the families. Then the long haired sheep bleat and frolic, and the halligmen fishes and rows in his boat. This and Tondern, with eggs, hides and the produce of the sea, which he exchanges for flour and potatoes, hemp and wool. Then the wives and children run at low tide to seek on the black, bare sea bottom embs and mussels, crawfish, oysters and amber, and the young men hasten away to Hamburg, Bremen and Holland, and travel half the world over, yet always again return to the mists and storms of their beloved hallig. Many of the more experienced men cruise as pilots and bring many a ship safe into its harbor, for which service they often carry a bag of shining silver thalers home.
Now it happened several years ago in a small hallig, not far distant from Amram, a single family dwelt on a bit of firm ground, or rather there dwelt the last remnant of a family, a young girl, Anna Muir, who had lost father, mother and brother, and who was now the only possessor of the hallig and all that it contained. This girl heiresd a sentiment warmer than friendship in the breasts of many of the young men, and could have had her choice of a dozen brave fellows, but she was hard to suit, as heireses are wont to be; at the same time she was cordial to all, and none could find fault with her. Strong and self-reliant she stood in high leather shoes and parti-colored gown, and when she sometimes went to the church in Amram with her handsome hair braided with red ribbons and her white handkerchief tied over her head, from under which the fresh face looked cheerfully out, the next jacket, the waist with its row of bright buttons, and bodice laced closely to the form, and on her neck the heavy silver chain, then there was a great commotion among the young men, and none there but would declare that she was the most beautiful of all the maidens, even though the girls of Amram wore a front of satin embroidered with flowers. Many a man envied the blonde haired cousin, Lorenz Karsten, who had the good fortune to live with Anna on the hallig, and who was her protector and escort. Yet, eagerly as they wished for her favor, none spoke slightly of the fortunate one, for Lorenz Karsten was a man highly respected. Few were as skilled as he in guiding a ship; none as well as he knew the waters from Elbe to north Denmark. He was the best pilot on the island, and had been for several years steersman of a Hamburg frigate that sailed to the East Indies.
Then he returned and did not go again, for his young kinswoman, Anna Muir, had become an orphan. With her on the hallig he now had his home, and never was a little spot of earth kept in finer order. Lorenz Karsten was thin and bony, as the Frieslanders are who live on the islands, in consequence of the sharp sea air, but in strength and courage none could compare with him; and his face, with the bright blue eyes, the high forehead and the thin, delicate nose, would have been considered remarkable had fate willed that he had been born a nobleman. But here, with his rude surroundings and his hands hardened by labor, while some eyes rested with pleasure on him, there were none that bore him ill-will and many that loved him. Where he outstretched his hand all went well and quickly; where he entered was success, and that he would marry Anna Muir seemed inevitable. Most people wondered why it had not already occurred, but it wint with Lorenz as with the rest of the world, and that his ungrateful cousin, for whom he did so much, would do nothing for him. One Sunday morning Anna Muir, in her fine crimson dress, her sash with the flashing buckle, and her hair braided with bright

flowers, took her cloak from the closet and prepared to set out for the church. At the table sat Lorenz Karsten, quiet and thoughtful, his head leaning on his hand, occasionally looking through his fingers toward the girl, and then turning his face again to the window. Without the girl the white mist over the hallig that seemed to be waiting for the sun to mount higher and disperse it. The maid was busy and singing at her work. Within the room all was tidy and comfortable, as neat and bright as a little jewel box. Rows of blue plates and cups stood on the dresser, shining metal utensils were hanging above, and on the wall ticked the great house clock. At length the young man rose and paced to and fro with great strides, pulling his high seaman's boots still higher and buttoning the short jacket with the great horn buttons close to his throat, so that nothing could be seen of the wide, overlapping, white collar and India silk handkerchief.
"Well, now," asked Anna presently, "why are you striding across the floor at this rate?"
"Because I must speak," said he, "and the words do not come readily."
"No," said she, laughing aside, "canst not hold it, Lorenz?"
"No," answered he, defiantly, "It must come to an end. You run now to the church, Anna, every Sunday. What draws thee there? What ails thee?"
"That is my business, I think," returned she sharply, "or are you my guardian?"
"No," said he, frowning, "nor do I wish to have but a few words to say to you. For two years I have labored and kept the hallig in good order; now I am tired, and will do no longer."
"Do it not," answered she, "thy way is free."
"Over in Schleswig they want men," muttered Lorenz. "The war is not yet over with the Danes, and many brave fellows have gone to Kiel."
"Well, follow them," said she, fastening her chain. "Thou art an active man, and hast a fatherland to fight for."
He stood still and clutched his hands together. "Why do you go to Amram," asked he, "and seek yourself out as if for a wedding?"
"You may guess if you please," said she laughing.
"I will not guess," said the young man, passionately; then, moderating his tone and restraining himself, "I would like another word with thee."
"If it be short," said she, "let me hear it."
"Short, yes," He stretched his hand out and said briefly, "Take thee this hand or not?"
"Thy hand?" she looked mockingly in his gloomy eyes.
"My hand thou hast worked for thee, and will still do it, that a brave man can do. You know me, Anna?"
"Just because I know thee," said she, "can there be nothing between us. Thou art much too rude and sharp; see how you appear."
She took the little glass from the wall and held it before him. He turned away and went out, while Anna laughed after him.
Now several hours passed; the mist did not decrease; the sun did not break through; the church-going was abandoned. The handsome heiresd had morosely viewed herself in her fine attire innumerable times, and had cast threatening glances toward the upper chamber, where Lorenz Karsten's firm steps were now and then heard. He did not come down to the noonday meal, and there was no mirth and hilarity, no sportive jests and raillery, as was usual at the table. At last the door opened, and there stood the moody man, his hat on his head and a bundle in his hand.
"I am going," said he, "and shall not soon return. Farewell! May you be happy!"
"Art going?" said she. "Where?"
"Over to Husum; from there to Kiel. I will help to fight for my fatherland. I will go in the little boat across to Amram, and will send it back."
"So do," said she, and left him without taking his offered hand. He let it slowly drop.
At that instant there fell a bright ray of sunshine through the window, and without it became light, and one could see far over the sea, so suddenly had the mist cleared. Lorenz threw a glance out and stood still in astonishment. Instead of taking his bundle and boldly starting, he threw his pack under a chair and took a step or two nearer the window. Directly between Amram and the hallig lay a ship, a sharp built cutter, on the top of which the red cross of the Danes was displayed, and a short distance from it appeared a boat manned by four men.
"What do they want?" cried Lorenz, while he keenly observed them. "They are Danes," murmured he; "they come for no good."
The four seamen came toward the house. Black glazed hats shaded their weather browned faces. Three had brown jackets on and knives in their belts; the fourth wore a cord on his hat and another on his neck, to which hung a whistle. He was a young, fresh fellow, with stiff, thick, red whiskers and lively, bright eyes.
"That is the boatswain," said Lorenz; "the three are sailors."
The door was rudely opened and they all entered.
"Hey! Good day," said the boatswain, going toward Lorenz. "What is thy name?"
"Lorenz Karsten."
"Thou art my man," cried the other in the north Schleswig German tongue. He struck the Frieslander on the shoulder and nodded to him.
"Understand Danish?" asked he.
"I do not understand it," answered Lorenz.
"Shalt learn it," said the boatswain. "seest thou there the cutter? That will cruise with two gunboats and a brig to knock the German apes on the head. Thou shalt go aboard. I have come for thee, as the captain has learned thou art the best acquainted in these waters of any man hereabouts; throw thy tackling on and make thyself ready."
Lorenz Karsten was through and through a Frieslander, which means a man who is endowed with the utmost phlegmatic calmness and self-possession and who under the most trying circumstances preserves his presence of mind. He comprehended on the spot that he would be pressed by the sailors into the Danish service, and that refusal would serve him nothing. He looked at the tarred rope which two of the seamen held in their hands—he well knew for what purpose.
"If it must be so," said he, casting a quick glance through the window, where in the channel lay his yawl with the oars ready, "so must it be. Give me half a dozen minutes, then I will follow."
The boatswain was about to answer in the affirmative, and Lorenz was going toward the door, when Anna stopped him.
"Let him not go," cried the girl, "he will escape thee!"
At these words the Dane drew his pistol from his belt and seized the Frieslander

with the other hand by the collar, while his comrades held the prisoner, who attempted no resistance, fast by the arms.
"He would go over to Husum to the Germans," Anna continued. "There lies his small bundle under the chair. Had you come half an hour later he would have been off. Let him not loose. Out there lies his boat; he has all ready."
"Thou dog!" shouted the Dane, with a rude blow. "Like a rat we had hanged thee; thou shouldst not have gone far. Does he favor the Germans?"
"There are many here," said Anna. "More than one with the traitor yonder. But you have here also many good friends."
"Bind him close," ordered the boatswain, and the sailors had only waited for the command of their leader. In an instant Lorenz was strongly bound and incapable of moving. They pushed him to the chair by the wall, and there he sat silently.
"Wait till we get thee on board," said the boatswain, "and thou shalt make acquaintance with the new rope end that will bring thee to thy senses. But thou art a trim madden, Anna Muir, hast a true Danish heart and must give me a kiss."
Anna laughed loud, and laid her hand coaxingly on the sleeve of the brown jacket.
"Stay, friends," she said. "You must drink to my health."
The boatswain looked toward the cutter and then said: "An hour earlier or later will not matter. Bring here, girl, what thou hast good and fill us a cup. Hurrah! Long live Anna Muir."
They drew up to the table; a chair was lacking. There on one sat Lorenz, his head sunk low on his breast.
"Lay him in the corner there; he can look on at a distance," laughed the Dane.
"No," cried Anna, stopping them, "he shall not even look at us; bring him here in the chamber and lay him on the bed."
"He shall not see how I kiss thee," cried the wild sailor. "Good, my sweet-heart. Bring the monkey to bed and make him some tea; but first put a neat little bracelet around his legs."
They lifted him up and dragged him within. The poor fellow gave a deep groan; the boatswain struck him with his hand on the mouth. "Keep still," roared he, "and think how you will soon fare!"
There he lay now two whole hours, and heard through the board partition the jokes and laughter of the Danes, and Anna's clear voice encouraging her guests to fill their glasses and give loose reign to their enjoyment. Often the conversation was of him, and to increase his rage and pain, he heard how the faithless cousin described him as a bad, bold fellow, who was hardly worthy to live.
"Has he done thee wrong, sweet girl?" asked the boatswain.
"Much wrong," said she, "only to-day he has bitterly vexed me."
"He shall get his reward for that. Do not fear, thou shalt never see him again."
"That is right," answered she; "but see to it he does not get clear."
"Ho! ho!" yelled the Dane, "of that there is no fear; we understand the business; in the first week his skin shall be as soft as thy little velvet mouth, thou pretty little witch, and when the war is over I shall come back and marry thee myself."
A roar of laughter followed, but with it fell a cannon shot from the ship. "Halo!" said the boatswain, "we must go; the old growler calls us."
"Let him call," laughed Anna. "The water boils on the hearth, the grog shall be ready before the clock strikes, and in the oven bakes a fine piece of mutton. Drink! Drink, friends! I will not let thee go. Red beard, thou must stay with me."
Lorenz shut his eyes fast; he wished neither to see nor hear. That laughing voice pierced like a thousand sharp spears in his heart. "Oh, the lass, without honor or shame," sighed he. "Who would have thought it?"
Suddenly it became dusky. The mist sprang up out of doors so dense it extinguished the light of the sun and steamed over sea and hallig. Lorenz heard a rustle, saw a woman slip through the small, low door that led from the kitchen into the chamber. In an instant he recognized Anna. She had a knife in her hand.
"Wilt have my blood?" he murmured. "Thrust it in well."
"Thou art a fool!" whispered she. "Speak not loud; jump up and come; before those wild folks would have caught thee and shot thee down; thou wouldst not have gone far. Now the mist lies thick; run to thy boat; be nimble with thy oars; thy bundle is in the kitchen."
"And thou, Anna?" said Lorenz, taking her hand in his.
"Have no concern about me," answered she resolutely. "When thou art gone and they find the bed empty I will raise an outcry that will turn all suspicion from me. I will save myself."
"And what—what will become of thee?"
"All will be well," she answered, pulling him along. "Hear how the knaves roar! I hope that their officer will order them striped coats when they go on board empty handed."
Lorenz Karsten had regained his whole manly energy; he wound his arm around Anna and kissed her. "Now," said he, "all is right; thou wilt no longer spurn my hand."
She threw herself on his neck and hung there a moment, then pushed him out of the door, dried her eyes with her apron, listened a moment, then quickly took the bowl with the hot grog and went in to the Danes. When the Frieslander had got a short distance away in the mist he heard wild cries on the hallig, and a pistol was fired. He answered by a peal of laughter, then plied the oars so forcibly that they bent like a reed. The yawl shot out into the thick sheet of mist.
Now is Lorenz Karsten captain of a trim Hamburg brig and Anna Muir is his pretty young wife, who still sometimes laughingly affirms that she is a rough, harsh man, whom it would have done good if the Danes had taught him milder manners.—Translated from the German by Mrs. C. E. Perry.

An Emulator of De Lesseps.

M. de Lesseps is generally accounted the chief of engineers, both for his grasp of gigantic problems and the courage displayed in pushing them to their consummation. But he certainly has found an emulator in one M. Heston, who proposes a scheme which will throw those of M. de Lesseps even quite in the shade. His proposal is to build a railway viaduct between France and England. His estimates are: For masonry and foundations, \$52,000,000 francs; iron work, \$25,000,000 francs; approaches on the French side, \$2,000,000 francs; on the English side, \$3,000,000 francs; sundry, \$8,000,000 francs. Total, \$92,000,000 francs, or \$176,640,000. To this must be added the interest during construction, say \$18,000,000, in ten years.—Chicago Tribune.

A Schuyler, Neb., man ate eighty-six oysters at one sitting.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—Have you paid your subscription for the local paper?
—The ladies of the sewing circle of the Baptist church will hold no sociable this month.
—We are glad to learn that Miss Grace Wellington, the librarian at Cary Library, is gradually regaining strength.
—Mr. A. S. Mitchell held an auction sale of sleighs at the Monument House on Tuesday afternoon.
—Miss Elizabeth Parker will read a paper on her patriotic ancestor, Captain John Parker, at the next meeting of the Historical Society.
—The sleighing in and out of Boston has been perfect, the past week, and a constant and lively jingle of bells has filled the air.
—Those interested in the progress of the town should subscribe for the local paper, which is devoted to the town's welfare.
—Estimates have been received the past week by the Lexington Water Co. for the repairs on the pumping station, recently damaged by fire.
—The choir of St. Bridget's church enjoyed a sleighing party on Wednesday evening, and on their return were entertained at the parsonage by Rev. Mr. Kavanagh.
—Hon. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, of Newton, with their daughter, left yesterday afternoon for California, where they intend to pass the remainder of the winter and the coming spring.
—We understand that it is desirable to obtain the services of Mr. Skinner as director and Miss Pierce as leading singer of the choir of the Hancock church for the ensuing year.
—Mr. C. W. Stanley will attend to all kinds of plumbing, stove and furnace work in a satisfactory manner. His shop is on Main street near the entrance to railroad station.
—Rev. Edward G. Porter and Mr. George E. Muzzey, as delegates from the Hancock church, were present on Wednesday to participate in the installation of Rev. Mr. Hill over the Orthodox Congregational church of Medford.
—The Massachusetts House has been the scene of gay sleigh ride parties almost every evening since the sleighing has been good. A number of Mr. Muzzey's friends and associates at the Vendome have already accepted his hospitality.
—The services held at the Baptist church during the week of prayer were of deep interest and all of them well attended. Special services were held on Sunday and it was found desirable to continue the meetings this week. The last meeting this week occurs to-morrow evening.
—The monthly meeting of the Normal Music Teachers' Association was held in their hall on Bromfield street, on Saturday, and the topic for discussion was "Music and Morals." Prof. H. E. Holt, who is the president of the association, read an interesting paper on "Value of a Time Language in Music," which was highly spoken of by the dailies.
—At the adjourned meeting of the Hancock church held on Friday evening, January 7, after the regular weekly prayer meeting, the overlying business was transacted and the music committee chosen. The committee consists of Messrs. M. H. Merriam, B. C. Whitcher, H. E. Richardson. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Oscar F. Patch by the church, showing their appreciation of his services during the several years he has held the office of librarian.
—A company of colored people, endorsed by some of the best musicians in our midst, and whose object in giving the concert is highly commendable, will sing in Town Hall on the evening of Thursday, January 20. They are not the ordinary "jubilee singers," but musicians, with trained voices, who will render the best class of music, interspersed, of course, with something of the character songs of the colored people. They are engaged in aiding the erection of a church in Boston, and are deserving of aid even if the entertainment was not of the high order we are assured it is. See the advertisement.
—At the annual meeting of the organization known as the A. O. U. W., held in their lodge room in Norris Block, on Tuesday evening, the following officers were installed by District Deputy P. F. Patten, of Waltham: P. M. W., Quincy Bicknell, Jr.; M. W., Wm. F. Glenn; F., Chas. F. Smith; O., E. J. B. Nourse; Rec., John A. Fratus; R., A. E. Locke; G., E. S. Locke; I. W., G. D. Estabrook;

O. W., W. P. Bowman; trustee for three years, F. V. Butters; delegate to Grand Lodge, E. S. Locke; alternate, A. F. Gould. The financier, C. C. Mann, will be installed at the next regular meeting of the lodge, which occurs the fourth Thursday in the month. A full report will be found in our columns, written by a correspondent.
—The Lexington Debating Club met last Thursday evening in the recitation room of the High School.
—Quite a delegation from Lexington attended the concert given at Arlington, under the auspices of the Episcopal church of that place. The concert was directed by Prof. S. B. Whitney, and the names of Madame Strong and Wulf Fries appeared on the programme.
—The past week has been a gala one at the Massachusetts House, and so numerous have been the parties that Maj. Muzzey has been obliged to refuse entertainment to parties in several instances, much as he dislikes to turn away a party from his hospitable roof. Several parties from Boston and Cambridge have been entertained, and also large companies from Medford, Woburn, Chelsea and Wakefield have visited the house the past week.
—We have in Lexington one of the best toboggan slides in this section. It is located on the hill on the left side of Oakland street, and the shoot is remarkable for its abrupt descent and the length of its course. A party of the young men of the town have got the slide in first-class condition, and these, with their lady friends, have been enjoying the exhilarating sport to the wonder of their more timid friends, who think it quite sufficient for their satisfaction to be spectators instead of participants. The young people who enjoy this kind of sport are to organize a club.
—The annual meeting of the Hancock society was held in the church of that organization on Monday evening. The business of the meeting included the selection of officers for the performance of society work for the ensuing year and the transaction of other important business. Mr. M. H. Merriam was moderator of the meeting and the officers chosen were as follows, as recorded by the clerk of the evening, Deacon W. W. Baker: Treasurer and collector, G. E. Muzzey; prudential committee, M. H. Merriam, Geo. E. Muzzey, B. C. Whitcher; music committee, C. C. Goodwin and B. F. Brown; finance committee, George W. Berry, J. L. Norris, Wm. H. Mason; assessors, George W. Berry, J. L. Norris, Lyman Lawrence; Dea. Baker, clerk; E. P. Bliss, auditor. It was the unanimous vote of the society to concur with the church in its vote passed asking the Rev. Edward G. Porter to reconsider and withdraw his resignation as also that a year's absence be granted if it was so desired by the pastor. Messrs. Loring W. Muzzey and George E. Muzzey were chosen as a committee to wait on Mr. Porter and state the desire of the society in regard to the matter and urge him to continue his pastorate. A report was made by the committee on the new church edifice, and it has stated that considerable progress has been made in the matter, but it was found desirable that the committee be enlarged and the request was granted. The sum of six hundred dollars was appropriated to defray the expenses of the music committee.
—The meeting of the Temperance Society, which was organized at the Unitarian church some two months ago, held in the audience room of that church on Sunday evening, may be reported as a decided success, and there is every evidence that the society is in earnest about the work and will use all their efforts to promote the great cause. The nominating committee chosen at the December meeting to make out a list of officers which was presented at the meeting for the action of the organization, and the following list was elected as officers to serve for the current year: Rev. C. A. Staples, president; R. Edgar Lane, vice-president; Miss Lizzie Harrington, secretary; Frank E. Cutter, treasurer. The executive committee is composed of Miss Emma E. Wright, chairwoman, and Misses Ada Holt, Lillie Bullock, Mattie Locke, Annie M. Saville, and Messrs. Edward B. Eaton and Albert Bernham. Besides the business transaction of the meeting, which took up considerable time, an address was delivered by the pastor of the church, pointing out the danger of moderate drinking in a pointed manner and using illustrations which only too fully proved the truth of his remarks and the invariable result of the drinking habit, which, at the beginning, seems perfectly harmless. In spite of the unfavorable weather, the meeting was well attended and quite a large number gave their signatures to the pledge and became members of the association. It

is highly gratifying to note the interest manifested in the subject by the young people, in whom the sentiment of anti-alcohol seems to have found a root which will doubtless, as they grow older, be an influence to aid in crushing out this great evil.
—The officers of the Knights of Honor Lodge were installed by D. D. G. D., E. Granville Pratt, on Thursday evening.
—The man who stole the horse and buggy from the barn of Mr. J. B. Gleason, living in the west part of the town, several weeks ago, was before the police court on Monday and sentenced 16 months imprisonment.
—Mrs. B. F. Brown tendered the hospitalities of her spacious and handsome residence last evening, to the members of the Hancock Society, for a sociable and supper. It was the first gathering of the season and was a happy inaugural of the social life of the society for the new year. An appetizing supper was served at the usual hour, Mrs. Brown being assisted in her duties as hostess by her sons and their wives. Rev. Mr. Porter took the occasion to read a petition in the interest of supplying government aid to check the illiteracy in our country, especially in the south. Ladies prominent in the social and literary world have interested themselves in procuring signatures to the paper, which petitions for a favorable consideration of the matter. Letters were read by Mr. Porter from Senator Hoar and Hon. J. D. Long indorsing the appropriation. No doubt Lexington will lend a helping hand.
LEXINGTON, Jan. 12, 1887.
MR. EDITOR.—Independence Lodge, No. 45, A. O. U. Workmen, held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening and was visited by the D. D. G. Master, B. F. Patten and Smith, who enrolled the officers for the ensuing year. Brother Patten was accompanied by some twenty of the members of Waltham Lodge. After the installation came the good of the order, and speeches were made by brothers Patten, Clark, Freeby and other brothers of Waltham and Independence Lodges. The lodge then closed and a collation was partaken of, after which they returned to the lodge-room and passed an hour very pleasantly in singing. Brothers Clark and Patten favored us with some of their selections, which were much enjoyed. Brother C. F. Davis, of Waltham Lodge, rendered some of his songs in his inimitable style, which one should hear to appreciate.
The lodge is now in a flourishing condition. There are several applications for membership at present and with the new list of officers the future looks bright. The lodge intends to give an entertainment at the Town Hall some time in February, of which we will give more notice of in the future.
EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.
Did you go to church last Sunday?
Sextons have a hard time, for they are expected to get our churches up to a red hot heat, and after they have been closed during the week it is next to impossible for the Saturday night and Sunday fires to drive out all the cold and make them as comfortable as our homes, and we often think we do not appreciate the responsibility which rests upon them, for the sexton and the minister are always expected to brave the elements and be at church if no one else can go.
Augusta H., wife of Charles Winter, died in our village, January 8, aged 51 years. Funeral services were held at her late residence on Pleasant street, Wednesday afternoon.
Elegant sleighing and plenty of zero weather, which fir-clad sleigh-riders enjoy.
The blacksmith shop in the lower part of our village is already a land-mark, descended from father to son, and the outlook is that the anvil fires will be kept burning by another generation, as the present proprietor is to be congratulated on the recent acquisition of a fourth son to his home.
Rev. Mr. Branigan preached last Sunday from Matt. xvi.: 26.
The South Middlesex Conference of Unitarian churches will hold its quarterly meeting at Waltham on Wednesday, Jan. 26. There will be good addresses, and a pleasant social gathering is anticipated. It is hoped that our church will be well represented.
Rev. Carlton A. Staples, from the centre, will preach at the Follen church next Sunday, Jan. 16, and if it is pleasant there will be a praise meeting in our church in the evening, at 7.30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend. Our people are interested in music, and many feel that it is pleasant and profitable to have our church open occasionally evenings.
Mr. Abbott Mitchell was busy several days settling with those who were purchasers at Eastabrook & Blodgett's auction, and informs us that \$5,000 worth of property was sold, notwithstanding the unfavorable day of auction.
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We solicit a prompt renewal by subscribers. It will aid us in many ways.